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THEATRE MAGAZINE

Vol. XXXVI No. 256

JULY, 1922



JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN *dit* MOLIERE

Spiritual founder of the French national theatre and the 300th anniversary of
whose baptism was recently celebrated in France and the United States.

THEATRE MAGAZINE

ARTHUR HORNBLow, Editor



Editorial

Must We Have a Theatrical Dictator?

AT a recent meeting of the Producing Managers' Association the suggestion was seriously made that, in view of the present unsettled and confused conditions in the theatrical business, it might be advisable for the managers to select one of their body as a controlling head, that is to say, to choose one man to whom should be delegated powers to pass on all troublesome questions that are apt to arise from time to time—for instance, strikes of actors, scene shifters, or musicians; speculation in tickets; railroad rates, etc.—just as ex-Postmaster General Hays is now head of the motion picture industry or as Judge Landis rules in the baseball field.

We must say that the suggestion leaves us cold. Of all the schemes devised by an unscrupulous commercialism to bring about the deterioration and bedevilment of the American stage ever since—a quarter of a century ago—the drama in this country ceased to be practiced as an art, and the theatre became a business as highly organized as any other industry, this idea of a theatrical dictator strikes us as being the most fantastic and impracticable. Even if such a plan were feasible or desirable how long would the managers stick together in obeying the autocratic mandates of one man? Could such an official prevent Al Woods from producing décolleté bedroom farces, or induce the Theatre Guild to refrain from again inflicting on us another three week cycle by the loquacious Shaw?

The suggestion is the veriest nonsense, of course. We question, indeed, if it was ever put forward seriously. The only hopeful thing about the discussion at all, even if offered as a jest, is the tacit admission of the managers that there really is something "rotten in the Kingdom of Denmark," and that the Augean stables of theatredom also need something like a river diverted from its course before they can be properly cleansed.

LET it be said right here that, conducted as it is today, the Theatre will never be bettered from within. Our stage during the last thirty years has gone down hill so fast, lost prestige so rapidly, that, like a runner unable to check his momentum, it cannot now be stayed from crashing its way over the brink into the precipice of mediocrity, disrepute and sheer tawdriness. As William Winter wrote a few years ago, with almost prophetic pen, "the need of the hour is clean, honest, intelligent theatrical management, as opposed to self-proclaimed speculation—independent and therefore competitive theatres, devoted to good plays of all kinds, well acted." Fortunately we still have a few theatre managers of fine achievement, high ideals—men who have devoted their lives to the best interests of our stage and whose names and theatres are identified with the best in American dramatic art. But, alas, these managers, a credit as they are to the contemporary drama, are too few in number to stem the tide of speculators, showmen, theatrical panderers, who, controlling unlimited capital, have invaded the theatrical field and are today throttling the Drama in a death grip.

John Ranken Towse, the veteran critic, puts it very clearly in a recent issue of the *New York Evening Post*. "The Theatre," he says, "began to fall from its high artistic estate as soon as it became subject to external, inept, unsympathetic, profligate, and commercial direction. The decay was progressive until temporarily arrested in the era of Sheridan, Garrick, the Kembles,

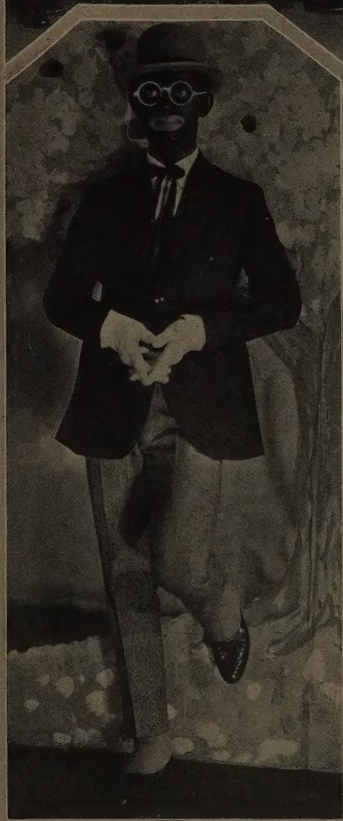
Macready and Charles Kean, when the Theatre, or the best remaining part of it, was dominated by men, not only experts in their profession but cognizant of its possibilities and zealous for its honor. When they passed away, and theatres increased in number and in luxury and fell more and more under commercial management, great plays and great acting gradually vanished from the stage, Samuel Phelps almost alone in England upholding the standard of the higher drama at Sadler's Wells. In this country it waved fitfully for a few years longer until Edwin Booth died. Then came Henry Irving, to triumph in high aims of artistic methods, to die and leave no successor. As it was in the beginning, it is now, and ever shall be. Individually or collectively the Theatre has never held its own artistically, fulfilled its legitimate function, and justified its claim to be considered an artistic institution except under qualified and independent artistic direction. When run simply as a raree or puppet show its movements have been backward and downward. To make upward progress it must return to first principles—which, after all, are those of the best business—a fact which some future leaders of the profession are beginning to realize."

THE present deplorable conditions cannot last. Something must be done to elevate the tone of the stage, or the Theatre, as an art, will gradually perish. The past season, one of the worst on record, both from the amount of money taken in and the unprecedented number of failures, is proof enough that the big theatregoing public is itself beginning to rebel not only against the meretricious rubbish put on the boards under the guise of plays, but also against the overdone exploitation of near-stars and much of what today passes for acting. The hand-writing is on the wall for those managers able to read the signs. The success of the Theatre Guild has already shown the way, and the announcement that the players are to have an Equity Theatre is the final nail in the coffin of the speculative manager. At last we approach a realization of what this magazine has long advocated—a repertoire theatre.

One of the chief causes for the continued decline of the stage and the non-maintenance of a high standard is, of course, the absence of serious dramatic criticism, and the advent of the flapper-critic, a young, immature species of the breed, badly bitten with the *cacoethes scribendi*, who, when discussing plays or acting, would rather be credited with saying a smart thing than a true one. The men with real knowledge of the stage and the art of acting who, a generation ago, delighted theatre-goers with their scholarly, thoughtful *critiques*, have almost all disappeared. Only a few survivors are left of that brilliant galaxy of stage reviewers who, headed by the late William Winter, gave to criticism a dignity, an authority it now sadly lacks. Where can one find serious dramatic criticism today? Hardly in our daily newspapers. The big newspaper proprietors, mostly self-made men, with only a superficial culture and little knowledge of, or sympathy with, the drama as an art, seeing only in the show business a rich source of advertising revenue, do not demand thoughtful criticism or the maintenance of a high standard from the men they employ. From their solely practical viewpoint, the best critic is he who attracts most readers and most advertising. Art be damned!



Viewing the strap hangers in "The Bronx Express," at the Astor, from your comfortable orchestra chairs is quite a different thing from going through the experience yourself. Seeing it is amusing; doing it is — well you know what we mean.



Eddie Cantor in "Make It Snappy," at the Winter Garden, is, of course, the whole show. Here we have him in one of his latest darkey make-ups.



Faced with a jail sentence for a crime of which they are innocent, Potash and Perlmutter, at the Selwyn Theatre, have an anxious half hour in the office of the U. S. Commissioner.

FUN AND LAUGHTER IN NEW COMEDIES

Capsule Criticism

Famous Examples of Reviewers Who Fought With Witticism the Tendency to Prolixity and Dullness

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

THERE is a popular notion that a dramatic criticism, to be worthy of the name, must be an article of at least one thousand words, mostly polysyllables and all devoted—perfectly devoted—to the grave discussion of some play as written and as performed. To this notion, it must be sadly admitted, each generation of writers on the theatre have lent some color.

In such an article it is presumed that there will be one judicious use of the word "adequate" and one resort to the expression "treading the boards." Also at least one regretful shaking of the head over the hopeless inferiority of the performance, in question to, (a) the way it was done in some other country two years before, or, (b) the way it would have been done in the critic's own country thirty years ago. Such ingredients are expected with reasonable confidence. But one thing is certain: The piece, to be real dramatic criticism, can scarcely be briefer than a thousand words.

The tradition of prolixity and dullness in all such writing is as old as Aristotle and as lasting as William Archer. A man who will talk gayly of a play will yet feel a certain solemnity wetting down his spirits the moment he finds himself called upon to discuss it in print. Even Mr. Dickens, who could take his beloved theatre lightly enough when he was weaving it into a novel and who always packed his letters full of the most engaging accounts of the farces and melodramas he was seeing, became rigid with self-importance and chill scrupulosity the moment he knew he was reviewing a piece for publication. If he had undertaken to supply such comment to *The Examiner* or to our own *Atlantic*, a voice within him seemed to whisper "Remember, now, you're a dramatic critic." And, lo—he was no more Dickensy than the merest penny-a-liner. This was true to some extent of Walt Whitman and certainly was true of Edgar Allan Poe. (The strangest people, it will be noted, have put in some time as dramatic critics. Such people, for instance, as Eugene Field and Richard Harding Davis and Edward Bok and Elihu Root.) Probably they were all verbose.

YET I suspect it could be demonstrated that the most telling of all dramatic criticisms have found expression in less than fifty words. Also that the best of all were never written at all. To substantiate this, I have been raking my memory for the ones that have lodged there, while longer and more majestic utterances have faded out of mind as completely as though they had never been written.

What we are looking for, of course, is the happy sentence that says volumes. As an example, consider the familiar problem presented by the players who can do everything on the stage except act. I have in

mind a still celebrated beauty to whom that beauty opened wide the stage door full thirty years ago. Since then she has devoted herself most painstakingly to justifying her admission. She has keen intelligence and great industry. She has learned every trick of voice and gesture that can be taught. She has acquired everything except some substitute for the inborn gift. Something to that effect, expressed, of course, as considerably as possible, ought, it seems to me, to be a part of any report on her spasmodic reappearances.

It usually takes about five hundred words. Yet Mr. Cohan managed it pretty well in a single sentence when he was passing on a similar case in one of his own companies. An attempt was made to argue with him that the veteran actor under review was a good fellow and all that. "He's a fine fellow, all right," Cohan assented amiably enough, and then added with murderous good-humor: "There's really only one thing I've got against him. He's stage-struck."

YOU see, often the perfection of these capsule criticisms are achieved by mere bluntness—are arrived at by the no more ingenious process than that of speaking out in meeting. I was struck with that on the melancholy occasion when John and Ethel Barrymore lent a momentary and delusive glamor to a piece called "Clair de Lune," by Michael Strange, the exquisitely beautiful poetess whom Mr. Barrymore had just married. By the time its third act had unfolded before the pained eyes of its first audience, there was probably not a single person in that audience who was not thinking that, with all the good plays lying voiceless on the shelf, Michael Strange's shambling and laboriously macabre piece would scarcely have been produced had it not been for the somewhat irrelevant circumstance of her having married Mr. Barrymore, the surest means, apparently, of engaging his priceless services for one's drama. Now some such opinion, I say, was buzzing in every first-night head. All the critics thought just that. Yet they all described nervous circles around this central idea, dancing skittishly about it as though it were a maypole. Full of what Gladys Unger was once inspired to call "a dirty delicacy," reluctant, perhaps, to acknowledge the personal equation in criticism and weighed down, probably, by an ancient respect for the married tie, they avoided all audible speculation as to why Mr. Barrymore had put the piece on at all. All, that is, except one, Mr. Whittaker, of the *Chicago Tribune*—the same Mr. Whittaker, by the way, who married the fair Ina Claire—cheerfully put the prevailing thought into three devastating words. He entitled his review: "For the Love of Mike."

That is not the only time I have seen

the very essence and spirit of a review distilled in a single headline. It happened on the occasion when the late Sir Herbert Tree, ever and always recognizable behind the most ornate make-ups, ever and always himself through all faint-hearted efforts at disguise, appeared for the first time in London in "The Merchant of Venice." It was on that occasion that his more illustrious brother, Max Beerbohm, then merely the dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, went back stage to felicitate the star but was overlooked in the crush of notables who were crowding round. When Tree chid him afterwards for unfraternal neglect, Max murmured: "Ah, I was there, but you did not know me in your beard." Of course, Max could not write the review of his own brother's performance, a task delegated, therefore, to John Palmer, whose comment on the play was awaited, naturally enough, with considerable interest. Palmer wrote a polite, though mildly derisive, review of the production and entitled it: "Shylock as Mr. Tree."

I find that the crispest reviews which come back in this effort at memory have taken many forms. For instance, when it was quite the leading American sin to attend the agitating performances of "Sapho" by Olga Nethersole, Franklin P. Adams made his comment in one quatrain:

I love little Olga
Her plays are so warm.
And if I don't see them
They'll do me no harm.

THE late Charles Frohman, on the other hand, was likely to sum up plays most felicitously in telegrams. Once, when he was producing an English comedy at his cherished Empire Theatre in New York, he received, just after the première, a cable of eager, though decently nervous, inquiry from the author in London, who could not bear to wait until the reviews and the box-office statements reached him. "How's it going?" was the inquiry. Frohman cabled back: "It's gone."

Of course, many of the best capsule criticisms are classics. There was Warren's tart comment on Joe Jefferson's performance as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," a brilliant feat of comedic genius made out of whole cloth, so little origin did it have in the rôle as originally written. "Ha," quoth Warren, "Sheridan twenty miles away." And there was the feline stroke usually ascribed to Wilde—the one which said that Tree's Hamlet was funny without being vulgar. And there was the much-quoted knife of still another Hamlet by an unidentified bandit who said, after the performance, that it would have been a fine time to settle the great controversy as to who wrote the play. One need merely have watched beside the graves of Shakespeare and Bacon to see which one turned over.

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CARLOTTA
MONTEREY

This decorative California actress, after a game struggle this season with inadequate rôles in "Bavu" and "Voltaire," has at last been happily cast in "The Hairy Ape." She gives an intelligent interpretation of the vapid heroine of O'Neill's fantastic play.



Maurice Goldberg

JULIETTE CROSBY

Daughter of Oscar T. Crosby, assistant Secretary of the Treasury during McAdoo's incumbency, this interesting young actress is a native of Washington. After serving as a nurse in France, she entered the theatre and recently achieved high praise for her fine performances as the young bride in "The Nest." Miss Crosby is at present with Howard Rumsey's excellent stock company in Rochester

Edward Thayer Monroe

ALICE BRADY

After her somewhat unfortunate experience in "Drifting," followed by a visit from the stork, vaudeville has now claimed sweet Alice. After a few appearances in the two-a-day, she will return to the Coast and again appear in pictures.



Alfred Cheney Johnston

PLAYERS WHO PLEASE BROADWAY

Shall We Have A Censorship

Yes

THE flood of suggestive, indecent plays which have recently disgraced the American theatre has revived once more the question of censorship of the speaking stage similar to that now exercised by Act of Legislation over the motion picture industry. England and other European countries have long had a State censorship of plays—mainly for political reasons. American dramatists so far have been untrammelled in this respect. Our playwrights and managers declare a censorship would harrass and cripple our native dramaturgy and

By CANON WM. SHEAFE CHASE

Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

THE theatre situation this season in New York City has exploded two oft quoted fallacies, that the public is the best censor and that freedom from legal control is the life of the stage.

The public has censored in vain, and filth still defiles the New York stage. Government has failed to function and dirt still besmirches the drama in the metropolis.

The Grand Jury refused to indict the producer of the play which the dramatic critic of a well-known evening newspaper, early last Fall, informed the District Attorney, was "the dirtiest and filthiest performance that he had ever seen in a public theatre." Out of 23 members of the Grand Jury, there were not 12 persons who thought that that play was "obscene, immoral or impure or would tend to the corruption of the morals of youth or others," the words which describe the kind of a play forbidden by the penal law. Yet Chief Magistrate McAdoo said of it:

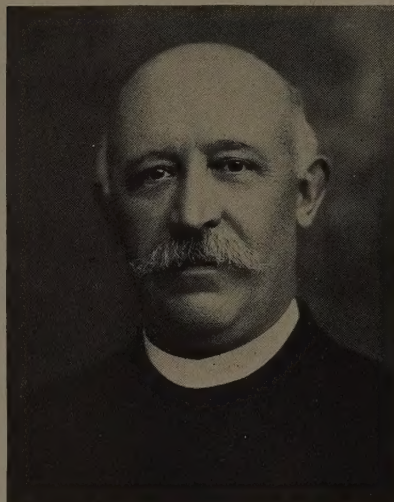
"This play is deliberately, painstakingly, and for purposes of gain, coarsely indecent, flagrantly and suggestively immoral, impure in motive; word and action, larded with profanity, repellantly vulgar and in every respect offensively illegal under the statute governing such matters."

The one ray of hope in the midst of the scrofula of sin which has brought the spoken drama near to death's door, is that the large majority of the most influential playwrights, producers and managers agree with Judge McAdoo in his condemnation of the play and realize the disaster that impends.

On May 2, the Court of Appeals in Albany, decided that the License Commissioner of New York City does not have the power, which he claimed, to revoke summarily the license of a theatre which has shown an indecent play. Judges of Courts of Record may revoke a theatre license summarily for certain causes, as for admitting minors, or for Sunday performances, but not for indecency. As the License Commissioner cannot summarily revoke the license of a theatre, and no one else can do so, civil government for the present has failed to remedy this great evil.

When the Appellate Division, reversing Judge Wagner (117 Misc., 605), decided that the License Commissioner cannot summarily revoke the license of any play for indecency, it said that the criminal law which forbids indecent plays, ordinarily affords a reasonable safeguard for the public, but that if it should be found inadequate, the Legislature may provide for a censorship of plays (192 N. Y. Supp., 421).

Wonderful, however, is the revolt of the authors, playwrights and movie producers



Pach

REV. CANON CHASE

Prominent churchman who took an active part in the enactment of the New York State Motion Picture Commission Law.

against law. They are afraid of law. They want freedom. Their idea of liberty differs from that of Daniel Webster, who said:

"It is a legal and refined idea, the offspring of high civilization, which the savage never understood and never can understand. Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint: the more restraint on others to keep them off from us, the more liberty we have. It is a mistake to think that liberty consists in paucity of laws. If one wants that kind of liberty let him go to Turkey. The Turk enjoys that blessing. That man is free who is protected from injury."

The playwrights do not realize how eager human hearts are for cleanness and how the people yearn for the stimulation of their higher faculties. When dramatists see that managers who break the criminal law and exploit the sex impulse, for the sole purpose of gain, draw crowds of the young, the weak, the curious and the irresponsible, they do not see the horror and the disgust of the sane and responsible part of the community who stay away and cease to patronize the theatre. Consequently, they fear law and reformers.

The play folk are suffering from law-phobia, and from a fever of smut. They do not realize that these diseases combined have been communicated to the goose that lays the golden egg and killed it. They have killed the theatre business.

It is marvelous that the dramatic business in New York, in its fear of a bugaboo, has allowed itself to be misled by certain sordid managers and playwrights, and has been blind to the outstanding benefits of the censorship of the stage in England, which has existed there since the Renaissance, at first by royal prerogative, but since 1737 by act of Parliament. One man, a member of the King's household, exercises the censorship power which no court can modify or reverse.

In 1832, '53, '66, '92 and in 1909, investigations into the English censorship of plays were made by Parliamentary committees which each time favored the retention of the Censorship.

The remarkable thing is that, while practically all the authors and playwrights of Great Britain favored some change in the English Censorship law, practically all the producers, stage managers and the public generally urged the retention of the censorship law. The drama writers wanted to be free from restraint, but the people generally, sensibly concluded that everyone ought to be compelled to obey the law, even the authors of plays. They recognize that the argument is fallacious which claims that an acted play is no more powerful than a printed play. They draw a distinction between the press and amusements, and realize, as the U. S. Supreme Court has stated, "that evils in the amusement world, because more dangerous, need to be more carefully prohibited and more effectively penalized than the press."

The stage can never be cleansed so long as it is insisted that a bad play is no more dangerous than a bad book, and should be regulated in the same method, *i. e.*, by prosecuting the author or producer, while the play is being exhibited. Such legal prosecution advertises and increases the patronage of the bad play and brings the decision as to the merits or demerits of the play before an ignorant and unskilled jury or court. Such a remedy is not fair to the honest producer, for, instead of furnishing a method of ascertaining whether or not a certain play is forbidden by law, it compels him to go to the immense expense of putting the play on the stage before he can have a legal decision as to whether or not it is prohibited by law.

The benefits of censorship are sevenfold. It provides a uniform standard, a skilled, experienced critic, a clean stage, a high class of playwrights, the confidence of the public, good business, and prevents unnecessary risk on the part of the producers.

The authors, having a uniform standard which is clearly understood, are set free to do their best work. They are not re-

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of the Theatre in America?

work incalculable harm to the best interests of the theatre. On the other hand, our public officials, magistrates, educators, reformers say that the safeguarding of the morals of the community comes before anything else, and that censorship is the only way to keep the stage within bounds. Herewith the question is discussed from two entirely different points of view—that of the reformer and that of the playwright.

No

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Vice-President of the Authors' League of America

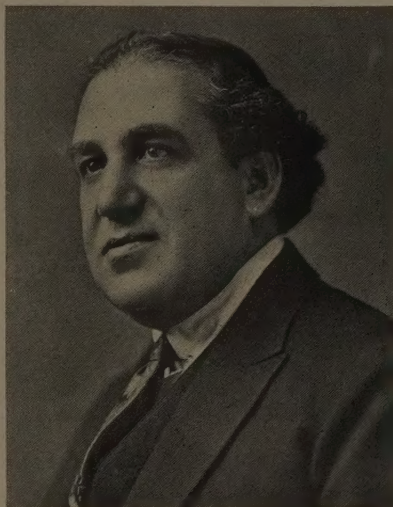
BILL NYE insisted that the only way to obtain relief from a felon was to lay the finger on an anvil and let the blacksmith smash it. "Because," said William, "you can cure a smashed finger, but you can't cure a felon."

This is the operation by which the professional reformers propose curing the theatre.

The theatrical felon, of course—like the actual paronychia—is neither serious nor lasting. It is a painful inflammation, due to microscopic impurities, that appears at intervals, and disappears, of itself, within a short time. Two or three money-changers in the temple, feeling of tainted lucre only that the more taint the more 'tis, discover that a certain number of Bronx Bohemians, and of Semitic stocking buyers from Missoula, Montana, can be bunked into believing that the mission of the play-house is to afford the same sort of satisfaction that used to come of chalking forbidden words upon a wall. Temporarily, there seems to be profit in the discovery, and, profit being all these men want, in the course of a season we have half a dozen productions, notable less for viciousness than for vulgarity, and calculated to corrupt the commonwealth in about the same degree that the chalk-marks used to mangle the morals of the neighborhood.

Promptly, there is an out-cry. Here is ready-made lime-light for the professional reformers, many of whom have the same sentiment about profit from cleaning the community that the so-called managers have about profit from dirtying the drama. Here is something that never happened before, and drastic steps must be taken immediately to assure ourselves that it never happens again. The only way to do that is to smash the theatre. Of course, sane and well-balanced people, with memories, know that it *has* happened before, and that, whatever is done, it *will* happen again. Sane and well-balanced people recall the virulent outbreak of a quarter of a century ago, when the success of "The Cuckoo" and "A Clean Slate" brought a perfect epidemic of what, without respect to their origin, were described as "French farces." In the course of a very short time, these disappeared, without steps being taken, because they were dull, and stupid, and had no place in the theatre. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," suppressed by a censorship, didn't disappear, but holds the boards season after season, because it wasn't dull, or stupid, but a seriously intended dramatic work, and, as such, the reformers to the contrary notwithstanding, it had, and has a definite and unforfeitable place in the theatre.

It is this complete lack of intelligent dis-



CHANNING POLLOCK

White

Author of numerous Broadway successes and bitterly opposed to any censorship of his craft.

crimination—of what Henry Arthur Jones calls "any sane, consistent or intelligible ideas about morality"—that has brought professional censorship into disrepute with all reasoning people. These people—these reasoning people opposed to censorship—are quite as decent, and quite as jealous of the well-being of the populace in general, and of the theatre in particular, as any self-appointed arbiter of what may or may not be seen with safety. Augustus Thomas probably has as much unselfish public spirit as Assemblyman Schmalz, and Percy MacKaye is quite able to distinguish the lovely from the lewd without the assistance of Senator Callahan. And, when you assent to a censorship, it is to Assemblyman Schmalz and Senator Callahan, and their henchmen and political backers, that you turn over the art of Shakespeare and Molière.

Given a jury of reasonably unselfish and unselfishly reasonable persons, you no more have to prove the case against censorship than you have to prove the undesirability of arson, murder, prohibition, typhoid fever, poison ivy, and other necessary and unnecessary evils. Fortunately for our case, there is nothing speculative about any of these disasters. We have had all of them; we have some of them still, and we can watch their workings and estimate their effect. Stage censorship in England banned "Ghosts," the most terrifying preachment against loose behavior ever launched from pulpit or proscenium; as it barred a long list of fine plays between "Oedipus Tyrannus" and "Monna Vanna." Screen censorship in America has provided several thousand pages of records that, for sheer humor, audacity, and extravagant absurdity, make Mark Twain's best efforts sound like a collection of reports from the Weather Bureau.

Six years ago, in an article entitled "Swinging the Censor"—since quoted by an eminent psychologist to prove the passion for regulation more deep-rooted than a mere idea that our neighbors are all vicious, and would be more so but for the restraining influence of our personal purity—I gave numerous examples of how the motion-picture censorship moves in a mysterious way its blunders to perform. The hundreds of imbecilities from which I picked now are become thousands, but half a dozen, recited here, may serve our purpose without overflowing our space. Carmen's ancient kiss was ordered "cut to five feet," leaving the cigarette maker to give her life for a purely paternal peck from the bashful bull-fighter, Escamillo. In California, however, she wasn't permitted to give her life, a local board objecting to the killing of a woman by a man, though there is no opposition to the killing of men by women. After all, girls will be girls! Pennsylvania banned the little set-to between Carmen and Frasquita, and the duel between Morales and Don José. Ohio prevented our heroine's smoking one of her own cigarettes, and, in one state or another, the majesty of the law raised the level of her decolletage, restrained her from baring the shoulder of her rival, and interfered generally with her classic displays of temper and temperament. "Carmen," as amended and expurgated, must have borne a striking family resemblance to "Elsie Dinsmore!"

Much more recently, censorship decided that Camille must be the wife of Armand, so that, in his famous visit to the lady, Armand's father was placed in the dubious position of asking her to divorce her husband in order that he might marry another woman. In Chicago, no children were allowed to witness "The Scarlet Letter." A large section was cut from a photoplay, called "The Warning," because there was a bed in the room adjoining the scene of action. Of course, a bed could have none other than an immoral purpose! In another picture, objection was made to a title covering pantomime in which a capitalist told a woman that he would employ her husband. The title read: "I've got a proposition to make to you." It was eliminated. The censors couldn't imagine a decent proposition!

Dario Nicodemi and Michael Morton's drama of deep and pure purpose, "The

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Seventy Years A Theatregoer

New York Banker Tells Amusing Stories About Famous Players He Has Met

FEW theatregoers of today possess the rich supply of knowledge about things theatrical that a certain prominent bank official of this town has locked away in the storehouse of memory. Mr. Bayne, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Seaboard National Bank, of New York, is one of the oldest playgoers known to Broadway. Today seventy-eight years of age, he began his theatregoing seventy-two years ago—at the age of six—chaperoned by his father. His reminiscences of the theatre of long-gone days include intimate and amusing stories about famous actors—friends of his—with whom he often travelled. Among these are numbered Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, Frank Tyers, William Terriss, Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, Charles Kean, and his wife, Ellen Tree, John Lawrence Toole, and Charles Mathews.

This inveterate theatregoer has visited all the large theatres and opera houses in the world, and once, when a youth, in Japan, his passion for the theatre caused him to attend a performance of an historical play—a performance which lasted two weeks. He took his food with him every day, and saw the long-drawn out play to the finish.

His passion for the theatre has not abated with the years, and New York first nighters are familiar with the figure of this bright-eyed, jovial, youthful-appearing bank official, who, though almost eighty years of age, sees all the plays worth while on Broadway. He attends the theatre on an average of about four times a week.

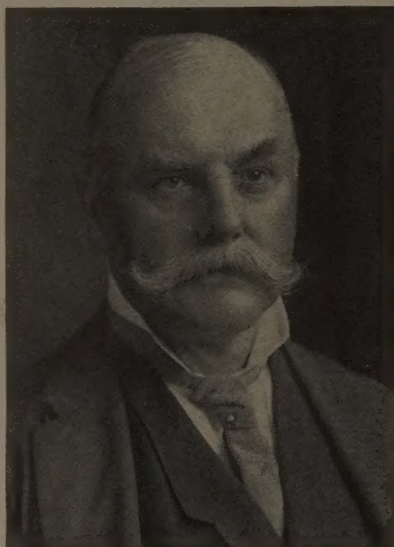
SOMETIMES I am disappointed," he says, with a twinkle in his eye, "but not often. I do not, of course, bother with the trashy plays produced, but I certainly never pass up any of the others. Frequently, I only get about four hours sleep a night, because my crowding duties cause the days to be all too short for me, but I cannot sacrifice my evenings at the theatre even to woo Morpheus."

Asked if the plays of today come up to the standard of those presented half a century ago, Mr. Bayne reluctantly remarked: "Well, I don't think we'll ever see a play again that can compare with 'Fedora,' in which Robert Mantell and Fanny Davenport starred. And only few of today's plays are comparable to 'The Wizard of Oz,' 'Girl of the Golden West,' 'The Gay Lord Quex,' etc."

In addition to being a confirmed theatregoer, Mr. Bayne is also a world traveler, an author, and he has also written short plays and burlesques. He is the author of "The Pith of Astronomy," "Quicksteps through Scandinavia," and "Fantasy of Mediterranean Travel." He has poked around in queer corners of the world, and his experiences are filled with adventure. Once he made a trip around Ireland following the Ocean on an Irish jaunting

car. Mr. Bayne was born near Belfast, Ireland.

"From early boyhood," he said, "I have been deeply interested in the stage. In fact, it became a passion with me. When I reached the age of six, my father took me with him to Liverpool, Wales and Lon-



S. G. BAYNE

President of the Seaboard National Bank, New York City, and one of Broadway's oldest theatregoers.

don, on a trip to secure supplies for his tannery. In the evenings we visited the finest theatres and saw the best performances of the time. When I went to Belfast, in later years, I economized sufficiently to buy a season ticket for the dress-circle for some succeeding years in the Theatre Royal. When the London stars finished their season, they made a tour which always included Belfast, usually putting on about seven of their best plays, and in this way I saw all the classics, including the Shakespearian plays. As I grew older and more enthusiastic, I made trips to London and Paris to see plays that could not be taken out of the capitals and shown on the road. As these excursions had to do with theatricals, I spent my time with the people of the stage and lived their life during my stay in London. I subscribed to the London *World*, owned by Edmund Yates, which was the intimate authority and guide to London stage life, art, and fashionable doings generally, so that I grew to know London well.

"There was a man who dominated the Union Club of Belfast, who was an international theatrical devotee, his name was Davie McTear, well-known in all theatres of the world. He entertained the stars as they appeared from time to time in Belfast. Inasmuch as I was well informed in his speciality, he usually asked me to meet the

theatrical visitors. I recall that he once drove out a four-in-hand to the Maize races with Mr. Edward H. Sothern's father, Edward Askew Sothern, when the latter was playing 'Lord Dundreary.' We made a £50 'sweep,' of which I was treasurer, and Mr. Sothern won it. He insisted on dispensing liberal hospitality after receiving the proceeds of the pool, and we had a very merry trip home, and spent an entertaining evening with Mr. Sothern as our host." Mr. Bayne set the wheels of memory working until his reminiscences of theatrical celebrities dated back over sixty years ago.

"It was that long ago that I saw Sam Phelps play Sir Pertinax Sycophant in 'The Man of the World' at Sadler's Wells Theatre. And how well do I recall Henry Irving! Under the fashionable patronage of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, he had made a great success of 'Hamlet.' In fact, London rang with his fame in the part, but he was lampooned for his mannerisms and pronunciation by those jealous of him. These peculiarities came to him from his Cornish birth. His real name was John Henry Brodribb. He never quite overcame his Cornish accent. For instance, it seemed impossible for him to pronounce the word 'Queen' other than 'Quæne.' These eccentricities made him a shining mark for sarcastic critics, and they never missed a chance to ridicule him. He was known as 'the Iminent Wan' in some of the comic papers.

WHEN he visited America he instantly conquered our playgoers, and had them at his feet in 'The Bells,' 'The Lyons Mail,' 'Charles I,' and other popular plays. He feared to appear as Hamlet, for he thought that if he were criticized here as he had been in London it would destroy his prestige. His manager told him, too, that it would never do for him to play Hamlet, as the critics would 'slate' him. So Irving cast about to see how he could circumvent the situation. He finally decided to engage a special train, and to transport his entire company, scenery and accessories to Philadelphia, and give a single performance there—a feat never before attempted. Irving invited me to go over with him on this special train. He had the most remarkable and the greatest company ever assembled by any manager. There was Ellen Terry, with a voice like a silver bell, who could at will move an audience to deep emotion as exemplified in her work as the Queen in 'Charles I.' She was so light on her feet that when she sprang across the stage in one of her plays and landed on a couch, it seemed as though thistledown had alighted there.

"The company included four leading men who appeared as stars: Frank Tyers, who had played all the leading Shakespearian parts as a star in London and the provinces; William Terriss, who was after-

VIRGINIA WATSON

Now dancing on tour in the revival of that popular aerial comedy, "Going Up."



FELICIA SOREL

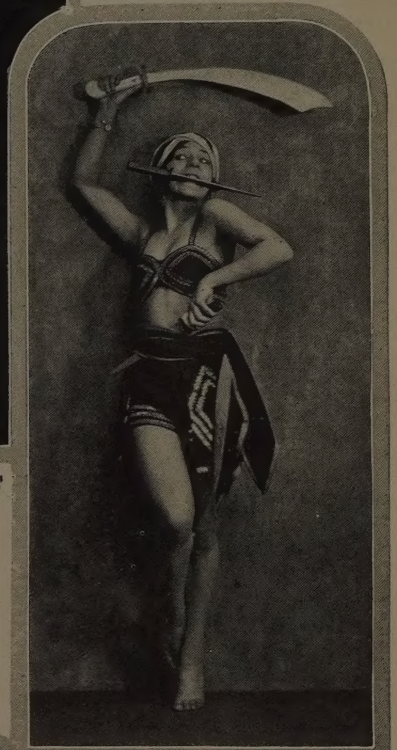
This fair Roumanian dancer in the "Rose of Stamboul" started out in life to be an artist, but Michio Itow, recognizing her terpsichorean abilities, persuaded her to toss her palette aside for a more strenuous means of self-expression.



Maurice Goldberg

PAVLEY-OUKRAINSKY BALLET

These picturesque dancers were a feature of their first production, "La Fête à Robinson," at the Manhattan Opera House recently.



Muray

Muray



Photo Abbe

**M. WARZINSKI
and MLE.
BARTLETT**

The "comic relief" of Pavlowa's Ballet Russe, in their droll Dutch dance.

wards assassinated by a crank at the stage door of the Adelphi in London as he was entering to dress for the star part in "Harbor Lights"; Mr. Wennman, and others. Mr. Irving's agent and adviser was Bram Stoker, a master in his line. His stage manager was Harry Loveday. When we arrived in Philadelphia, I helped all I could, though I was only an amateur. There were no tickets. Irving had invited the fashionable *cognoscenti* of Philadelphia. Every one of importance was there. It was the dramatic event of Philadelphia. Irving was on his mettle, and gave a splendid performance. He had the audience with him all the time. When he had finished, and was dressing for the street, he said to me, by way of playful jest:

"The next time I play *Iago* I'll coach you for the Moor. That will put you on top of the heap. I remember many years ago in Bob Donnelly's, at Belfast, on a Sunday night, when you had looked on the Bush Mills malt when it was red, you thought Othello was made to order for you. Now you're unexpectedly going to get a whack at it. Your ship's coming in at last. In my mind's eye I can see the pit rising at you. Bayne, you may yet become the John Kemble of your day."

THIS isn't a pipe dream, is it?"

"No, no, my boy; it's just an opium cocktail."

"I say, Mr. Irving, what would you do to a man if he called you 'Hen' as a term of intimate endearment?"

"I'd shoot him on the spot if I had a pistol."

The curtain was then raised, a caterer took possession of the stage, and a lavish supper was served. Then Irving proposed a toast to Miss Terry, as he always gave her the place of honor. The mingling of the actors and the guests became general, and a few short speeches were made. Miss Terry stepped forward, and asked if they had seen her in Tennyson's 'Cup' when it was produced in London. "But, no matter," she said. "I shall be glad to give you the climax scene now."

"She started slowly at first, but with increasing vehemence reached a frenzy. The audience was in tears, and she herself weeping. So greatly was she affected that Irving had to lead her to her dressing room. Then the party ended. The next morning we started for New York, where I was dropped, and the company went on to Boston."

"Irving was a prince of entertainers. Once he came from London especially to give a great dinner to friends who had entertained him here. He returned on the steamer within forty-eight hours. He was not a fluent speaker, but he was quite sure of himself, knew what to say in good taste, and when to say it. Like all

great men, Irving had his Nemesis, and 'Adonis' Dixey filled that niche for him. Dixey had started a play called 'Adonis' which was a sort of medley. It made no particular stir until he introduced an imitation of Irving, which was so artistic and startling in all its details that his audience went wild over it. He made himself up to look like a twin of Irving. He had the slow dragging strut, the classic profile, with the straggling grey hair, the Cornish accent, and the play was topped off with a song, each verse of which ended with "Quite English, you know." Then he carried on an imaginary dialogue, asking Irving:

WHAT are your acting terms, Mr. Irving?

"I want a sleeping-car, I want a dining car, I want a smoking car, and I want all the receipts."

"But, my dear Mr. Irving, where do I come in?"

"Ah, my dear sir, you have the honor to represent the greatest artist that ever trod the stage."

"I shall never forget the expression on Mr. Irving's face as he listened to this. He fled from the theatre. Afterwards Irving appeared at a benefit and recited a selection. Immediately on his exit from the stage, Dixey appeared in a box in make-up and convulsed the house with his parody. Irving left the theatre in a rage, protesting that he had never been so insulted in his life. I had a seat in the front row, and saw the scene from beginning to end. It was Dixey's day, all right, but in questionable taste. The popularity of 'Adonis' caused it to have a run of 600 nights to crowded houses. A fortune was made by the owners."

REFERRING further to stage celebrities with whom he was acquainted in the long-ago, Mr. Bayne said:

"I knew Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, the tragedian, his mother, and Miss Avonia Jones, his wife and leading woman, when they lived in Dublin. Brooke died a tragic death. He boarded a steamer bound for Melbourne, to fill an engagement in that city. The vessel met with an accident, and half of the passengers took to the lifeboats, while the remainder stayed on the steamer working on the pumps. Brooke was their leader, and went down with the ship, while the men in the boats were saved. He was popular in 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' and as Sir Giles Overreach in 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts.'"

"I knew Charles Kean and his wife, Ellen Tree. I went to London to see them in their great spectacular production, 'Henry VIII,' at the Princess Theatre on Oxford Street."

Mr. Bayne's own entry into the thea-

trical field as a producer and actor occurred in Pennsylvania. He explained:

"When I was in the Petersburg oil fields, that community needed a fire department. Toole, the great London comedian, was then in America on a professional visit. I had known him for many years in Belfast, and I tried to get him to help us. He said that if I would write a burlesque on Bombaste's 'Furioso,' and appear in the leading part, he would rehearse it, and assist in its production for two nights in the Petersburg Opera House. I complied and got everything ready, but he broke his ankle and had to go to a hospital. We went on without him, sold the seats, including the galleries, at \$5 each, and were able to equip the fire department with the proceeds, as originally planned."

"I knew Charles Mathews, the greatest English light comedian of all time. I saw him in 'Cool as a Cucumber,' in 'Still Waters Run Deep,' etc."

"Yes, I have visited all the large theatres and opera houses in the world. The finest and most luxurious is the opera house at Buenos Ayres, magnificent, both front and back stage."

I VISITED Japan in 1873, and the theatres, of course. They consisted merely of large buildings, with low walls and roofs, enclosing neat wooden pens about five feet square. Each accommodated four persons, who sat with legs akimbo, like tailors, on the floor. There was a horseshoe runway around the house overhead, and on this runway the actors came out and spoke their lines. There were no women in the cast, but men made up to resemble them. It took the company two weeks to act a single historical play. We brought food and ate it in the pens. On the stage was a practical ship that could go to sea in a storm, if necessary. It swung about on a large swivel, and it made one dizzy to look at it.

"The 'Henry Irving of Japan' stood on its quarter-deck and drew an Irving salary. He wasn't much of an actor, but his talent lay in the fact that he could create the illusion of killing men in twenty different ways. He would drown them, stab them, choke them, knock them over with a stuffed club, apparently saw a victim in two, and in the same way pull their arms and legs out of their sockets. Then he would tie five of them in a bundle and push them all overboard. He was a conscientious monster, and said he would not take money from the audience under false pretenses. He worked himself into a frenzy, and had to be carried out on a shutter to be revived. I still have some of the descriptive theatre bills on rice-paper showing pictures of him."

"I have had a great many other theatrical experiences but lack of space prevents mentioning them here."





Alfred Cheney Johnston

JANE COWL

From her long absence it was feared this lovely, lachrymose heroine was content to tour the provinces in "Smilin' Thru" indefinitely. It is rumored, however, to the great joy of many admirers, that she is to appear soon in an important new play.

The Playgoers

By F. A. AUSTIN

ACT I.

HE: "I hope the people around us will be quiet. Jenks told me you couldn't afford to miss a word or scene of this play."

SHE: "I can't understand why people who pay \$5 for theatre seats spend the time discussing affairs they could talk over at home. I hope that large blonde in front of me is going to take off her hat. Mine is so small I don't believe I need take it off. Do you?"

HE: "Better be on the safe side."

SHE: "I'll wait until the curtain goes up."

HE: "Look at those people still coming in. Wouldn't you think they could get here on time so as not to disturb a whole row, and if they've been eating onions you know it."

SHE: "Yes, and taking the seat you put your wrap in."

HE: "There she goes."

SHE: "Who?"

HE: "The curtain, of course."

SHE: "You needn't be so snippy about it. 'She' generally means a woman. How should I know the sex of a theatre curtain?"

HE: "These programs are disgusting. Nothing but advertising. That's the theatre of today all over—nothing but commercialism."

SHE: "She hasn't taken her hat off."

HE: "Neither have you."

SHE: "I won't take mine off unless she does."

USHER: "Madame, will you please remove your hat?"

SHE (*As she jerks the hatpins out*): "Yes, if you'll take away that arbor in front of me."

(*Large blonde turns with look of disdain but takes off her hat.*)

HE: "Perhaps now we can keep quiet long enough to find out what the play is about. If you had taken off your hat in the first place you wouldn't have made a spectacle of yourself."

SHE: "Let me take the glasses for a moment. That looks like the Spinks. So it is. Now I wonder where they got the price of two theatre seats way down front like that. I know they owe the delicatessen man."

HE: "That reminds me, did you speak to the laundryman about my collars? He's ruined a dozen in two weeks."

SHE: "No, I forgot about it, but Mary Jones was in and she's discovered a new laundry that does nice work. She gave me the address and I'll try it."

(*Hisses and "keep quiet" come from several adjacent seats.*)

SHE: "Well, did you ever? Anybody would think this was Quaker meeting. We paid for our seats and we'll talk if we want to."

HE: "Oh, can't you keep quiet for a moment?"

SHE: "Listen to who's talking. Your tongue has been wagging at both ends ever since we came in."

(*Subdued chorus, front, rear and sides.*)

"Hope you choke"—"Cut it out"—"Write him a letter"—"Hire a hall."

SHE: "If you want examples of good breeding, go to a New York theatre."

HE (*loudly*): "Somebody is going to hire a hearse presently if the party in back of me doesn't stop trying to pry off my suspender buttons with his feet."

SHE: "Oh, just look at that dance frock



"We paid for our seats and we'll talk if we want to."

she is wearing? Do the actresses have to buy their clothes or does the manager pay for them?"

INTERMISSION.

SHE: "Now they'll begin crawling all over us. Why didn't you get end seats?" For the life of me I can't understand why men can't go without a smoke for half an hour."

HE: "In the old days it used to be a smoke and a drink. There goes my hat, the blundering idiot."

SHE: "Yes, and in a minute they'll all come back and do it over again."

HE: "If there isn't Howard back there in the lobby! I want to see him."

(*He makes a wild dash half the length of the row, dislodging hats and wraps from women's laps.*)

ACT II.

(*He comes in, stumbling over chairs and feet, after the curtain has gone up. Knocks his wife's hat to the floor.*)

SHE: "Did you see Howard? Of course, you did. I smell him. Where does he keep it, on the hip or in his cane? Oh, it's a pleasure, a real pleasure, to go to the theatre with you."

HE: "They're coming over to play bridge tomorrow night."

SHE: "Who?"

HE: "Howard and his wife."

SHE: "How do you know I haven't made made other arrangements? Why not consult me first before telling him it was all right. I may have invited the Perkinses to go to a movie show."

HE: "Well, have you?"

SHE: "No, but—"

HE: "Then for Heaven's sake, take it to the dumbwaiter shaft and drop it!"

SHE: "Was he in the first act?"

HE: "If you had watched the play instead of talking you would have known."

SHE: "What are they all laughing at?"

HE: "Count Guzeliver just bent over and his stays snapped."

SHE: "I wonder if he wears them in real life?"

HE: "Not being his valet, I couldn't say."

SHE: "Aren't you sweet tempered?"

HE: "Now isn't that nonsense? Here's the husband hiding behind a screen and coughing like a choking hippopotamus, but his wife and the man who is making love to her are not supposed to hear him. That isn't art. That's just raw."

SHE: "Do you mind if I buy that suit I was telling you about yesterday? It's such a reduction and I can wear it in the fall too."

HE: "What about the reduction of my pocketbook? Oh, yes, go ahead and buy it."

SHE: "Now, John, if you feel that way about it I won't get it. I know you work hard for your money and we are trying to save. I guess I can get along without it—but it is such a bargain."

HE: "Now, dearie, don't be foolish. You go ahead and buy that suit. You deserve it."

SHE: "No, John, I can do without it."

HE: "Now, that's all settled. You get it tomorrow."

(*Suppressed groans and "go out and get it now," from adjacent seats.*)

SHE: "It's awfully hard to keep the thread of the play, isn't it?"

HE: "What can you expect with a lot of people shouting all around you the way these boors are?"

SHE: "They don't know any better, dear."

HE: "She certainly is a stunner, isn't she?"

SHE: "Who?"

HE: "The leading lady."

SHE: "She doesn't strike me as being superfine. She's all made up. In the street she's probably homelier than a hedge fence."

(*Starting as a slip of folded paper drops into her hand. Reads.*) "We do not care how many collars your laundryman destroys, who you play bridge with, and what your respective opinions of each other are. We always like to see women well dressed but we came here to see and hear the play, not to listen to descriptions of suit bargains."

SHE: "Now you just go and show it to the manager."

HE: "Well, we have talked a good deal."

(*Continued on page 62*)



HELEN LEE
WORTHING

From Texas comes this striking dancer of the "Midnight Frolic," who languished unseen, as an artist's model, until Ziegfeld found her and placed her in his beauty chorus

Photos by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



NETTIE RAINES

So much more satisfactory than a live pet is the beastie on the end of your boa, or so thinks this attractive star of stage and screen



JANET VELIE

This pretty and pleasing prima donna of "The Perfect Fool," whose voice and presence lend charm to the Ed Wynn show, was last seen in New York in the title rôle of "Mary," where she scored the greatest success of her musical comedy career

THEY TURN THEIR BACKS ON THE WORLD—AND NO WONDER

"The First Fifty Years"

A Play in Seven Scenes by Henry Myers

THE first work of a new playwright, this drama of marriage more than holds its own among the best plays of the season. Starting with the home-coming of a honeymooning couple (the only characters in the play) the author presents in seven intense and dramatic scenes, each marking a matrimonial milestone from the paper to the golden anniversary, the change in their relationship from adoration, hatred and finally friendship. The following excerpts are printed here by courtesy of Messrs. Lorenz M. Hart and Irving S. Strouse, the producers, and Mr. Henry Myers.

Copyright, 1921, by Henry Myers

THE scene is laid in the living-room of a house in Harlem. The passage of time (from 1872 to 1922) is marked by the gradual changing of the two characters from the buoyant youth of the first scene to the querulous old age of the last; by the alteration of styles of dress and furniture, and by the development from country landscape into city street, a view of which is had from the living-room windows. The first scene opens with the sound of a key turning in the lock, as the honeymooners enter their own home for the first time. Billing and cooing best describes the ensuing dialogue.

MARTIN: I suppose every husband thinks he's married the finest girl in the world, but in my case it just happens to be true; that's all. I've never seen anyone so clever, so accomplished—

ANNE: No, no, I'm not even accomplished, let alone all those other things.

MARTIN: You are accomplished. Why, the way you play the piano—

ANNE: (*Deprecatingly*). What do I play? Mendelsohn's *Spring Song* and *The Maiden's Prayer*.

MARTIN: But the way you play them! I could listen to those two pieces forever. You have a certain tone and touch that can't be taught. If you would practice—

ANNE: Well, I will, to please you, but I'll never amount to anything. It's you that are the accomplished one.

MARTIN: (*Modestly*). Oh, if you mean those silly little poems of mine—

ANNE: (*Indigantly*). Silly indeed! Martin Wells, I want you to make up a poem about me, and right this instant.

MARTIN: Well—all right—if you really want me to. Let me have that pencil and note-book and I'll try to write a little tiny one.

ANNE: In this book? With beef-loaf and blue-fish!

MARTIN: But darling! a blue-fish that you are going to cook! (*Takes note-book and pencil*). Let me see. The poem shall be called—(*hesitates*)—"Anne"!

ANNE: Oh, I knew it would be.

MARTIN: Just sit down a minute, will you, darling?

ANNE: Why?

MARTIN: The wonderful way you sit. (*Anne sits*).

MARTIN: (*Writes*). "Oh, Anne, I wish you knew

How absolutely I am the slave of you—"

(*Doubtfully*). I'm afraid I've put in too many syllables somewhere.

ANNE: If you write the syllables, there can't be too many of them to please me.

MARTIN: (*Writes*). "And the reason why you sometimes blush

Is because you also love me very much."

(*Uncertainly*). Does that rhyme?

ANNE: It nearly rhymes. Anyway what do rhymes matter. It's your beautiful thoughts. You think I'm perfect. You are.

MARTIN: Don't let's argue about it. Let's just love, you little imp. (*A long kiss*). Don't you feel sorry for Howard?

ANNE: (*Surprised*). Sorry for Howard? No! Why should I be?

MARTIN: It was rather hard lines for him to be best man at our wedding. To think that he might have been your husband!

ANNE: Are you jealous because he sent me these wax flowers? Every bride gets wax

MARTIN: To both of us. (*Reads letter*). "Dear Martin and Anne: I would not write this to anyone in the world but you two. I sail for Australia today, and the only thing this world will let me take along is the hope that you will be happy."

ANNE: (*Touched*). Poor Howard! But Martin, it's you I love.

MARTIN: (*Reading*). "I want this to be the one marriage that turned out successfully, so I offer a bit of advice, and if you love me, take it. You know that certain anniversaries have always been considered red-letter days of married life, from the first, the paper wedding, to the fiftieth, gold. On each anniversary I want you to consider your ways, and be sure that you are still in love."

ANNE: Martin, he wants us sort of—to—question our hearts.

MARTIN: Yes, Howard always was a good loser. (*Turns page and reads*). "Promise one another now that you will question your hearts, and on each anniversary I will write to you. Your friend forever, Howard."

ANNE: Our anniversaries, Martin, let's do it!

MARTIN: Gladly, although it won't be necessary. This marriage will be a success. All these cynics who make fun of love-matches are wrong. "You can't live on love!" "Consider the future!" That's all we've been hearing. We can live on love. When our anniversaries come around, we'll prove it.

ANNE: (*Softly*). Martin, let's pray that we may live until our golden wedding.

MARTIN: And be able to do what Howard asked, and find our love still perfect.

In Scene 2, the first anniversary has arrived. Conversation between the two reveals the fact that Anne is dissatisfied because Martin does not

earn more money, and that Martin no longer considers Anne a perfect housekeeper. In the midst of their talk, Anne remembers Howard's letter and they read it over together.

ANNE: "Question your hearts!" Do you recall, we said we'd always remember?

MARTIN: Oh, well, sentimentality, you know. In this excitement of moving into this house, we probably said some wild things. The honeymoon spirit is never logical.

ANNE: (*Seriously*). Martin.

MARTIN: Yes?



Scene 6. Martin: "Just two elderly people who don't know each other very well."

flowers from somebody. They'll never go out of style.

MARTIN: Jealous! Of course not. You had your choice, and you loved me. Why didn't you take Howard, at that? He's well fixed.

ANNE: I simply didn't love him. He'll get over it. He's going abroad to live.

MARTIN: Poor fellow! (*Takes a letter from his pocket. Very seriously*). Anne, there was one moment in my life when I almost regretted having married you. That was when this letter came.

ANNE: (*Surprised*). Howard wrote to you?



© Ira L. Hill

Courtesy of Corticelli

Dream Days

Posed by Miss Teresa Lynch

ANNE: Suppose we *do* consider our ways,—and—er—question our hearts?

MARTIN: (*Offhand*). Why not?

ANNE: Do we mean the same to each other that we meant a year ago.

MARTIN: How can you talk like that?

ANNE: We must get our thoughts clear. Even if it makes us feel bad.

MARTIN: Well, nothing scares me. (*Sits, with fortitude*).

ANNE: (*Sits*). Or me, let's see. Are we still really and truly in love?

MARTIN: (*Protesting*). Oh, now, Anne, if you're going to be sentimental about it—

ANNE: Well, put it like this. Have we stopped honeymooning?

MARTIN: Good God! I hope so! We can't be holding hands forever. We used to be rather idiotic about that.

ANNE: Yes, you couldn't get enough of kissing.

MARTIN: You know very well it was you. Of course, being a girl, you had to be modest, but—! At any rate, common sense must rule sooner or later.

ANNE: That's true. Kisses are kisses, but after all, they're only kisses.

MARTIN: You hear an awful lot of bosh about "love-at-first-sight." The cold truth is, physical attraction brought us together. We didn't know it then, but we do now. Come: let's admit it.

ANNE: But we *are* married, and we're fond of each other, call it what you will. Maybe we weren't practical, but what can we do about it?

MARTIN: (*Earnestly*). I want to understand your notions of life, and I want you to understand mine. It seems to me we ought to help each other more—to work with the same ends in view. Do you understand, my darling?

ANNE: You mean that we should be—er—comrades.

MARTIN: Comrades. That's it exactly. That will *really* bring us together.

ANNE: (*Delighted at the prospect*). Comrades! That's it! That's just what we ought to be. Is it a bargain?

MARTIN: I want it to be. But not a cold-blooded bargain. Let's kiss on it. (*They kiss*.)

ANNE: Let's shake hands too. (*They do so*). Comrades ought to help each other. Perhaps a little well-meant criticism—

MARTIN: Quite so. Neither of us is perfect. It's our duty to point out failings. Now, if you were more systematic, and neat—

ANNE: *Neat*? I like that! Why, the way you throw your clothes around—

MARTIN: I have other things to think of besides clothes. It's up to you to tend to all that.

ANNE: You can't expect me to run around after you, picking up your things.

MARTIN: You understand, Anne, that I mean this for your good.

ANNE: I know that, but you should look at things my way too.

MARTIN: I do. But I can't help noticing certain things, and I think somebody should mention them to you.

ANNE: (*Irritated*). What things do you notice?

MARTIN: For one thing, you stint on the table.

ANNE: Stint! *Economize*. Do you know that eggs are fifteen cents a dozen?

MARTIN: Why don't you keep your own chickens? Every other woman in Harlem has her own chicken-coop. The only time the table

is right is when we have company. What's the sense of showing off?

ANNE: We can hardly starve our guests.

MARTIN: Why save off our mouths to hand it to them?

ANNE: It seems to me you're becoming stingy.

MARTIN: I'm becoming sensible, and I'm trying to make *you* sensible. Of course, if you won't accept criticism—

ANNE: I will, when it's just. I do my very best, but if that isn't enough, I can't help it.

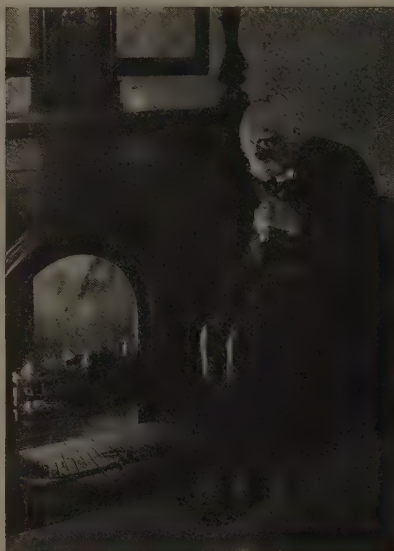
MARTIN: Now, if we're to be comrades—

ANNE: I mean to be. But you must be fair. I could criticize a few things myself, dear.

MARTIN: (*Expansively*). Do so. I want you to. I'm broad-minded enough. I *like* frankness.

ANNE: (*Snapping*). Well, if you'd be more energetic in business, and make more money, we could manage.

MARTIN: You don't understand. It isn't merit alone that counts in business. You must have influence—powerful friends—



Scene 7. Martin: "The world thinks it has been a perfect match."

ANNE: I'm just commenting. You asked for frankness.

MARTIN: Yes, frankness. But that is mere fault-finding.

ANNE: It's for your own good.

MARTIN: Oh, *is* it?

ANNE: Yes, it is! (*Both fume in silence for a moment*.)

MARTIN: (*Draws a deep breath*). Look here! I don't want to fight. We've gotten along without fighting. Don't let's start.

ANNE: We have started. You started it.

MARTIN: We'll I apologize.

ANNE: No, I do. It's a mean trick to make a man apologize just because he is a man.

MARTIN: That's sweet of you, Anne. I admire you for that. Don't think I blame *you* for it; we were both wrong.

ANNE: I guess we were bound to have a little spat sooner or later. Don't let's have another. (*They kiss*).

MARTIN: We'll get along all right. We're as well off as most. Our marriage hasn't turned out so badly. (*Sits*).

ANNE: Of course not. Only we must take the good with the bad. (*Sits*).

MARTIN: That's it. Be philosophical. Anne,

would it really cost so much to raise—only one child?

ANNE: You know how I love children. But we can't afford it yet. We'd have to have a hired girl, and—you know what it would cost.

MARTIN: Just as you say.

Scene 3 shows Martin and Anne just after the departure of the guests invited to celebrate their fifth anniversary. There is no longer any pretense of affection between them. They very evidently hate each other, and are at no pains to conceal the fact. Fault-finding turns to out and out quarrelling—Martin threatens Anne, and Anne screams.

MARTIN: *Now* are you satisfied? A man heard you screaming. He thought something was the matter.

ANNE: The very neighbors will talk about us. Thank God, no one I know lives near here.

MARTIN: (*Grows under his breath*). Fat lot of difference. (*Looks around on the table*). Did they leave anything. Oh, nobody ever left me anything. Fine crowd you go with. You'd think they never get anything to eat.

ANNE: (*Turns from him, apparently accustomed to his grumbling*).

MARTIN: That's all they come here for. To stuff themselves. Every plum fingered and squeezed. Want to be sure what they bite into. Too bad about them. Such delicate stomachs they have. Not even an olive.

ANNE: (*Keeps her back turned to him*).

MARTIN: (*Reaches across the table for some morsel that attracts him, and accidentally pushes the wax flowers that Howard gave them. The ornament falls to the floor, and breaks*).

ANNE: (*Bursting into a frenzy*). Howard's present! You broke the one thing I have of his! I'd like to take a horse-whip to you! (*She picks up the wax flowers and puts the broken piece in place*).

MARTIN: I didn't do it purposely.

ANNE: You did, too. (*She sets it on the table. Then, almost to herself*.) Question your hearts!

MARTIN: (*Sneering*). Oh, anything connected with him—

ANNE: Yes, oh, why didn't I marry him? I'd be living in luxury this minute.

MARTIN: (*Angrily*). I won't have you throw that up to me. You couldn't get him, and you know it.

ANNE: I could! He asked me over and over again.

MARTIN: He asked! He wouldn't give *that* for you. (*Snaps his fingers*).

ANNE: He loved me. He still does. I realize it more every day.

MARTIN: Then why doesn't he ever write? Answer me *that*!

ANNE: Why should he? I haven't treated him so well. I don't blame him. I suppose if he does write, you'd take good care that the letter never reaches me.

MARTIN: That's what I ought to do. I have no use for him at all. I'll tell you why he doesn't write. He's rich—he's a swell now. Got no use for his old friends. He wouldn't look at us now. That's the kind *he* is.

ANNE: No! He's the kindest—truest—

MARTIN: Oh, I know what you think of him. That's why you have no time to think of me. You say you had your choice of the two of us. I wish to God you had taken him.

ANNE: We agree on that, at least.



"The Charlatan," at the Times Square, is not only a mystery play throughout its 3 acts, but oddly enough, it remains a mystery after one has left the theatre. Here we see Count Cagliostro (Fred Tiden) amazing his audience with the famous Hindu sword trick.

White



Apeda

Jenny (Marjorie Rambeau), in "The Goldfish" at the Maxine Elliott, easily convinces Mr. Power (Robert T. Haines), that she is an expert in palmistry.



Bruguère

Claude King, the critic on his brother's newspaper in "What the Public Wants," eventually wins the love of the actress (Margaret Wycherly), who fully intended to marry the forceful newspaper magnate (Charles Dalton), but in the end couldn't stand his slogan, "Give the Public What It Wants."

MYSTERY AND SATIRE IN NEW PLAYS

MARTIN: We do, indeed. I'm in the damndest trap a man was ever caught in, and I guess I'll have to stay in it. You know it. I won't let the world find out that I'm dissatisfied, and you know that too. (*Passionately.*) No one shall ever say "I told you so" to me!

ANNE: Nor to me. No one shall ever find it out. Be easy on that score.

MARTIN: Why hide your real motive? While we live together, I have to support you. That's why you'll brave it out.

ANNE: I suppose you have some other woman that you'd rather spend your money on.

MARTIN: If you think so, why don't you get a divorce?

ANNE: I wouldn't give you the satisfaction.

MARTIN: (*Contemptuously.*) Well, that's in keeping with your usual tactics. You've never respected my wishes, and you never will. How could I expect anything else from a wife who won't even have children?

ANNE: No, I have none, and now I'm glad of it. Oh, if you only knew how glad! That's the one thing I thank God for. At first I meant to wait until we could raise them in health and comfort. But now I wouldn't have them for anything in the world.

MARTIN: Because at the bottom of your heart you love Howard, and you know it. With him it would have been different. I owe *that* to him too. You *do* love him, don't you? (*Furiously.*) Answer me!

ANNE: Yes! (*Then quietly.*) Listen to me, Martin. When I married you, all I thought of was love. I was brought up on that sort of thing, like a silly girl in a silly novel. I didn't know what it would mean to see you every morning and every night, to look at you across the table, to share your petty little worries, and to cater to your nasty little whims. You—you—I didn't know what "forever" meant. That was never explained in the novels. Now, when I think of Howard—even now, if he were here, I could open up my arms to him, and—

MARTIN: (*Wildly.*) Shut up.

ANNE: Do you know why we have no children?

MARTIN: (*Sneering.*) Well—why?

ANNE: (*With feverish intensity.*) Because I won't bear a child to a man I hate!

MARTIN: (*Overcome.*) My God! Come here. Let me look at you. (*Takes her by the shoulders, and regards her steadily.*) How in the world did I ever come to marry you?

ANNE: (*Laughs bitterly.*) How indeed?

MARTIN: Yes, I know why I did. You attracted me, as one animal attracts another. But the animals are wiser than I am. They don't remain together too long. What do I want with you now? You're not attractive to me any more. Attractive! God no! I find you repulsive. (*Turns from her.*)

ANNE: That's your real grievance; isn't it?

MARTIN: It may be what underlies our unhappiness. I don't know. In any case, it makes our life no easier.

ANNE: We have no children, and you find me repulsive. I wouldn't give you a divorce for anything in the world.

MARTIN: Don't lie. That's not it. You're afraid of what people would say, and

so am I. (*He resigns himself to his lot with a deep sigh.*) We have to live together—(*he turns on her with fierce loathing*)—but if you ever dare to speak to me again, I'll strangle you.

ANNE: I have no wish to speak to you, or to have you speak to me. (*She goes into the inner room, closing the door behind her.*)

Five years have passed between scenes 3 and 4. Anne and Martin have been married for ten years and for one-half of that time they have not exchanged a single word. They completely ignore each other's presence.

At the opening of scene 5, neither Martin nor Anne have yet spoken, although five years have passed, and they have now been married fifteen years.

In scene 7, the feeble-minded, feeble-bodied, deaf, old couple have reached the 50th anniversary of which they spoke so hopefully in the first scene.

MARTIN: This is our golden wedding! Our anniversary.

ANNE: (*Trying to remember.*) Our anniversary. (*For the first time, she puts down her knitting.*)

MARTIN: We made a compact, Anne. A fifty-year-old compact.

ANNE: To question our hearts.

MARTIN: I feel as if my memory is a dying fire, that is flickering for the last time. When I fold up this letter, the fire will go—out.

ANNE: Howard reminded us. Why didn't he write? Howard always writes.

MARTIN: What are you saying, Anne? You know about Howard.

ANNE: Howard! (*She becomes strangely exalted. Her eyes shine, and her face is aglow.*) Howard! (*She seems to be speaking to him.*) Do you really want me? Yes; of course I love you. Always, always. There never was any one else, Howard. Never any one else but you. Do you want me? I'll come to you, if you want me. Anywhere, Howard. Anywhere. When you hold out your arms. I know—I know—Howard—

MARTIN: Howard is dead, Anne. Dead for years.

ANNE: Dead? (*She shrinks again to her former pitiful self; her exaltation is all gone.*) Oh, Howard is dead. Yes.

MARTIN: This is our anniversary, Anne, ours.

ANNE: Our anniversary. That's when we readjust our marriage.

MARTIN: We try to, but we fail. Our marriage has been a failure, Anne.

ANNE: It didn't have to be.

MARTIN: No. It might have been different.

ANNE: If there were children.

MARTIN: We'd have loved them, not each other. Howard loved you. You should have married him.

ANNE: I left an order to keep white flowers on his grave.

MARTIN: Why white ones? I don't like white flowers.

ANNE: They're so peaceful.

MARTIN: Anne, if I die before you, will you put flowers on *my* grave?

ANNE: Yes.

MARTIN: Not white ones, though. Red flowers are more human. I'd like red flowers above my head. You must do that if I die first.

ANNE: All right. But if I die first, I want white ones.

MARTIN: All right.

ANNE: (*Takes up her knitting.*) Let's go ahead with our game.

MARTIN: (*Fiercely.*) No! no! (*With anguish.*) I'll never remember again. Put down your knitting, and help me!

ANNE: (*Puts down her knitting.*)

MARTIN: We must adjust our marriage—for the last time. Anne! Anne! Let's succeed this time.

ANNE: Why? We haven't many years to live.

MARTIN: Can't we—at least—forgive each other?

ANNE: When life is wasted, what good is forgiveness?

MARTIN: I've been a bad husband.

ANNE: As good as I've been a wife.

MARTIN: The world thinks it has been a perfect match. I've always told you so. Have you?

ANNE: Yes.

MARTIN: Oh, Anne, you're right. Forgiveness can do us no good. Nothing can. (*He starts to fold up the letter.*) The last reminder of our real lives. Married fifty years! Married fifty years! Married—(*He has put the letter away. He suddenly turns to her with a joyous laugh.*) Married! Anne! Isn't it wonderful! We're actually married! Married and in our own home!

ANNE: (*Smiling happily.*) Our own home!

MARTIN: We'll show our friends that marriage can be a success. Won't we? (*He puts his arm around her.*) (*They sit side by side on the sofa.*)

ANNE: And every anniversary we'll question our hearts.

MARTIN: Why, the paper wedding is only one year off.

ANNE: What will our hearts tell us the first time?

MARTIN: That we'll spoon, and spoon—I think I'll turn down the lights, my sweet-heart. (*Gets up to do so, forgets, sits down at the table, and picks up the cards.*) Who deals?

ANNE: (*Picks up her knitting, and automatically sits opposite him.*) I dealt last.

CURTAIN

THE NEXT PLAY To Be Given In This Series Will Be

"THE HAIRY APE"

A Comedy of Ancient and Modern Life in Eight Scenes

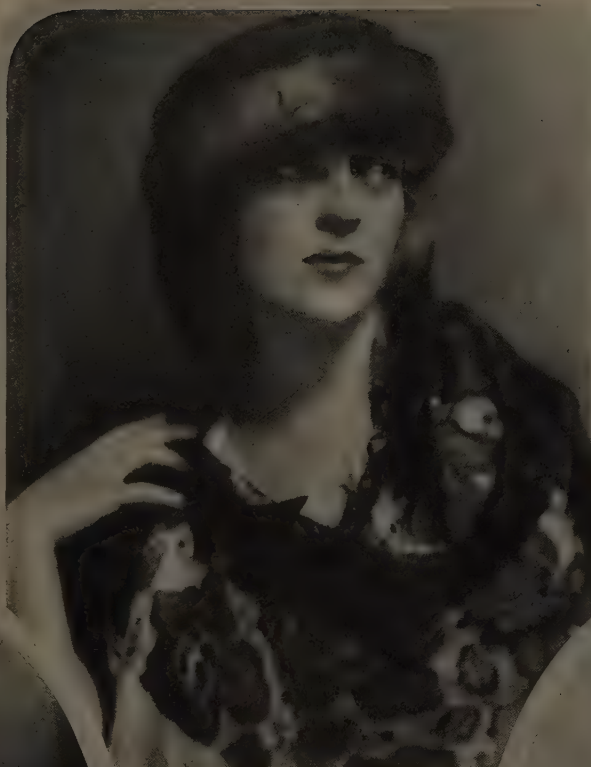
By EUGENE O'NEILL

Author of "The Emperor Jones," "Anna Christie," Etc.

(Below)

BLANCHE YURKA

This distinguished actress, now lending the charm of her rich voice and stately presence to "The Lawbreaker," will probably be seen here next season in "Monna Vanna," a play more worthy of her talent and in which she has already achieved success under the direction of Stuart Walker



Monroe

VIOLET HEMING

Vivacious and charming as ever, this popular star, now lending what distinction is possible to "The Rubicon," was last seen here in "Sonya," a play which gave little opportunity to that talent displayed in such successes as "Three Faces East," "Under Cover" and "Under Fire"



Goldberg

(Right)

MARY NASH

As heroine of the thousand and one thrills of "Captain Applejack," this picturesque and always interesting actress returns to Broadway after a prolonged absence spent in touring to the Pacific coast in "Thy Name Is Woman," following a lengthy run abroad in "The Man Who Came Back"



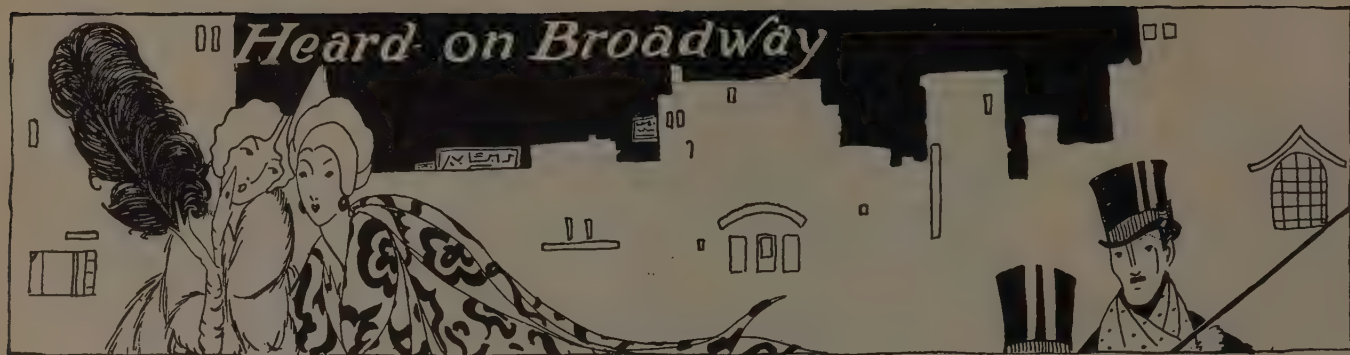
Campbell

HELEN HAYES

That the delightful child of "Dear Brutus," and the precocious sub-deb of "Bab" and other classics, should some day grow up, was, of course, to be expected. As the clever young wife in "To the Ladies" Miss Hayes has achieved majority so charmingly that we find her even more endearing than before



Campbell



THERE is joy along Broadway, as well as elsewhere. Luna Park comes down to its old ten-cent admission charge this summer.

EVEN a show girl appears to have illusions which can be shattered. A former New York chorus girl, recently married to a foreigner with a title, was questioned by one of her friends as to how she liked being a duchess, or whatever it was. "Well," she confessed with a sigh, "I'm not crazy about it. The pleasure is only momentary, and the position is ridiculous."

THE constantly recurring, but never-settled, controversy as to whether the art of acting ever reached a higher plane than it has attained at the present day, had waxed warm among a group of theatrical people sunning themselves on a mild afternoon in Broadway lately, when a retired manager, who is in New York now only occasionally, had this to say: "I suppose, by the art of acting, you gentlemen refer primarily to the intelligent, convincing and pleasing reading of the text of a play. All right! A week or two ago I went in to see 'The Bat.' Before I had a chance to look at my program the house lights went down and the play began. The principal character is an elderly woman, and before she had spoken twenty lines I was wondering who that was with the clear, musical voice that came to me without losing a syllable as I sat in a back seat. It was such a treat to hear those beautiful, clean-cut tones, that I was impatient to look at the program. I did not remember that I ever had seen her before. Well, it was Effie Ellsler. That is my only contribution to your argument, gentlemen. I first saw Effie Ellsler on the stage in 1878, and till the other night, I don't think I'd seen her since she had this old town by the ears in 'Hazel Kirke.' She is playing an old woman in this present piece, but her voice is as sweet today as it was, more than forty years ago, when, as a slim young girl, in Cleveland, she was the Ophelia to the late Joseph Haworth's Hamlet, with her father, John A. Ellsler, in his inimitable rendering of Polonius. Frank Weston was in the cast—I think, as Laertes, but am not sure. Of course, John Ellsler was the Polonius of his day."

A VAUDEVILLE actor puts his profession above all things. A very successful dancer in the two-a-day, whose partner

is also his wife, not long ago came to the manager of the theatre in which he was playing and asked if he might substitute himself as a "single" for the rest of the week, instead of doing the "double" with his wife. "Why, certainly," said the manager. "Is your wife ill?" "No," said the vaudeville headliner, "she has skipped out with another man." Whereupon the manager extended his condolences. "And do you know," the dancer continued, "this isn't the first time she has done it. Three years ago, she ran off with a musical director, and last year, with a doctor." "But," protested the manager, "you don't mean to say that you always take her back?" "Take her back?" repeated the actor, in surprised tone. "Why, sure I take her back. She's a great performer!"

MANY men, many minds. That observation is as true of actors as of other people. So, therefore, a certain well-known thespian who was interviewed not long ago in this publication was merely expressing his personal opinion when he replied to the question of a certain Countess, "The people of the stage are not invited to such homes as I have been to?"—"They are certainly not!" As a matter of fact, various players are on intimate terms with fashionable folk. The smart affiliations of Ethel and John Barrymore and of Maxine Elliott are self-evident. Other notable instances, to mention a few out of many, include William Faversham, who has long been a social favorite, his hostesses having included the late Mrs. George Gould (who had been Edith Kingdon of Daly's Theatre). After his ill-fated opening night in last season's revival of "The Squaw Man," Mr. Faversham gave one of the smartest supper-parties in many a day, the guest of honor, of course, being his leading lady, Mrs. Lydig Hoyt, sister of Mrs. Van Rensselaer King, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julian Robbins, of New York and Southampton.

MR. and Mrs. J. Hartley Manners (Laurette Taylor), occupy an assured position socially, and have entertained smart assemblies in honor of their special friend, Miss Mary Hoyt Wiborg, sister of Mrs. Sidney Webster Fish, therefore allied with Mr. Stuyvesant Fish. Last Winter at Palm Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Graham-White (Ethel Levey, the first wife of George M. Cohan, and mother of Georgette Cohan), renewed their intimacy

with the fashionable colony, especial friends being Mr. and Mrs. Edward T. Stotesbury, whose estate near Philadelphia is one of the finest in the country, and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Widener, also millionaires, of Philadelphia and Newport. Madame Marguerite Sylva, the singer, whose early experience was in comic opera, moves in this same set. Mr. Eugene O'Brien, formerly of the stage, but now of the movies, has long been encountered in company with Mrs. William Jay, widow of a direct descendant of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, she having been a sister of the late Hermann Oelrichs and the mother of Mrs. Arthur Iselin. These are all names to conjure with in the smart set, so it is quite evident that the next time a Countess inquire if stage people are entertained by the élite, she might well be told "Some are, and some are not!"

A CERTAIN handsome actor, twice married and twice divorced, met one of his former wives at an after-theatre supper in one of the exclusive rendezvous of New York and under the influence of a momentary reawakening of the old love, he proposed to her all over again—and was accepted. The marriage was arranged for the next morning, and the groom-to-be made an appointment to call for his former mate at nine o'clock. This done, the actor hurried to his hotel to catch a little sleep. In the lobby, he encountered an old friend, and asked him to be best man. The friend was delighted, and the two went up to his rooms for a "night-cap." It seems that the night-cap resolved itself into a long series of toasts in honor of the coming affair, and after about the tenth one, both men fell asleep. The actor was awakened by the best-man-to-be. "Wake up, old man," he shouted, "it's almost nine o'clock!" The actor scrambled to his feet, and went to the phone. He called up his former wife. "Sorry, my dear," he explained, "but I'm afraid it's going to be a little after nine o'clock before I can get there. But I won't be very late." "Say," came back over the wire, "don't hurry. That marriage was set for Tuesday. This is Wednesday."

THE announcement that Bartley Campbell's "White Slave" may get to the movies interests a great many old actors. Few of those who were "hitting the grit" in the one-night stands, with occasional appearances in the cities, including New



Edward Thayer Monroe

MARY EATON

Becoming more Marilyn Millerish every season, this charming girl has danced her way into the hearts of many "Follies" enthusiasts—which means just about all of us.



Edward Thayer Monroe

HELEN LEE WORTHING

Another distinct personality of the new Follies, who formerly appeared in the Midnight Frolic.



Edward Thayer Monroe

IRENE MARCELLUS

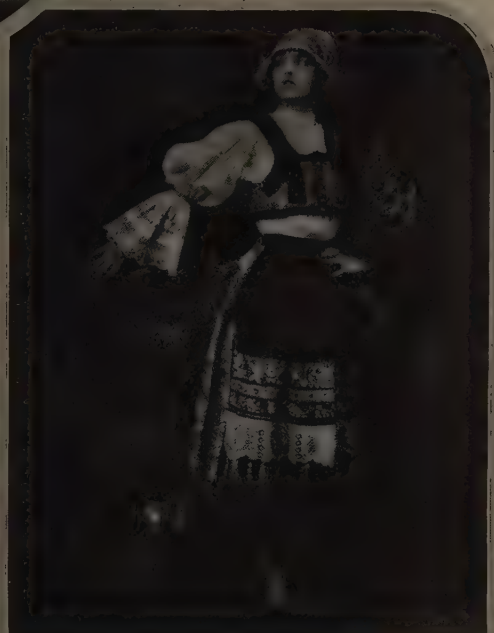
Who graduates from the curriculum of the Ziegfeld Roof this season to be seen in the 1922 edition of the "Follies."



Murray

EDNA FRENCH

Now lending her quite evident charm to the Ziegfeld Will Rogers' Show in Chicago.



Edward Thayer Monroe

KATHRYN MARTYN

In addition to gracing "the Follies," this personable English girl claims the distinction of being mascot to the Royal Flying Corps.

ONE COMPENSATION FOR REMAINING IN TOWN — THE NEW FOLLIES

12678

York, some thirty years ago, can say they never took part in a Bartley Campbell drama. As "The White Slave" toured the country for a generation, most of them got into it at some time or other. Harry Kennedy, many years its manager, used to say that he had played every male part in the piece at various times, to fill an emergency. The bets along Broadway are fifty to one that, if the "Slave" really does reach the screen, one of the sub-titles will be that famous, and always effective, bit of bathos, placed in the mouth of the heroine: "Rags are royal raiment when worn for virtue's sake." To use a vaudeville expression, that speech was always "sure-fire hokum."

GOT any Russian roubles lying around loose? If you have, better put them away in the safe, because if the credit situation is straightened out in Russia some of these days, they may jump into money. Morris Gest is reported to be holding \$100,000 of them, and if they get back into the neighborhood of their original value, he'll be able to cash in handsomely. If they continue to depreciate, he can always tear 'em up and use them for confetti.

FRED STONE, now one of the highest paid actors in America—which likewise means, in the world—can remember the time when he and his partner, the late Dave Montgomery, were dividing \$75 between them at the end of the week. That was in the days when they were a team in vaudeville.

NOW that the old Morton House has disappeared, and the famous Union Square Theatre is soon to follow, it may be said that the last reminiscence of what used to be the theatrical Rialto will vanish. With the actor's stamping-ground well above Forty-second street, and impinging on Columbus Circle, it is not easy to realize that in the eighties the pavement from Broadway to Fourth avenue on Fourteenth was the Thespian centre. But then, there were comparatively few theatres in New York at that time, and those connected with the profession did not require so much room as today. That little stretch of pavement in front of the Morton, while generally busy, was never uncomfortably crowded, and some people say that the theatre was quite as interesting then as now, though it did not cost nearly so much.

AMELIA STONE, whose name broke into the papers lately in connection with some legal matter, is little known to the present generation. But the daddies of the jazz-lovers of today remember her as one of the most popular light opera singers that ever sang the real music of a quarter of a century ago. She was the star of "The Chinese Honeymoon" for some few seasons, but she also sang the prima donna rôles in most of the Gilbert-Sullivan, Offenbach, Lecocq, and similar works that tickled our ears before the devastating arrival of ragtime and jazz.

SHE'S an actress in musical comedy, and although she's an "artist" in her line and when it comes to drawing a big salary,

she's not much of an artist when it comes to the other arts. In fact, her career has left her quite uncontaminated by culture. It's simply gone over her head—and she's never missed it. Not long ago, however, a man upon whom she wished to make a good impression started to talk "highbrow music" to her, and ended by inviting her to a symphony concert. She concealed her true feelings, and accepted. She thought that by saying nothing, and sighing as soulfully as she knew-how, she would give the right effect. As it happened, they were delayed in reaching the concert hall, and the program was already under way. Going down the aisle, she whispered to the usher: "What are they playing now?" "The Fifth Symphony," was the reply. "Thank heaven," breathed the actress, "I've missed four of 'em!"

THE filing of state income tax returns gives one a breath-taking glimpse of what it means to be a star. One favorite of the stage, in her statement, confesses to an expenditure of \$60,000 in one year, which ought to be ample to keep her back covered—although that's the last thing in the world she ever thinks of doing. Other stars reveal outlays running into five figures. Women in the theatrical profession are allowed to deduct expenditures for paint and powder in making their returns. That is no more than right, when you stop to consider that some of them, at least, seem to depend more upon paint and powder than they do upon silks and satins to obliterate their—er—deficiencies.

AT one time, not so many years ago, it was considered *infra dig*, for a high-class actor to appear in vaudeville, but that illusion was forever shattered when Sarah Bernhardt, one of the foremost players of her generation, filled various engagements in the Continental music-halls, her example soon being followed in England by Mrs. Langtry and other popular players, American audiences similarly applauding Ethel Barrymore and similar stars. The next point that presented itself was the cabarets, the same old cry being raised, "Undignified!" Nevertheless, during the past season, Irene Bordoni, the charming French comedienne who was starring in "The French Doll," appeared nightly at a cabaret, following her theatrical performance, wearing elaborate costumes and singing a few ditties, for the acceptable remuneration of \$2,000 a week. "And very nice, too!" as our English cousins say.

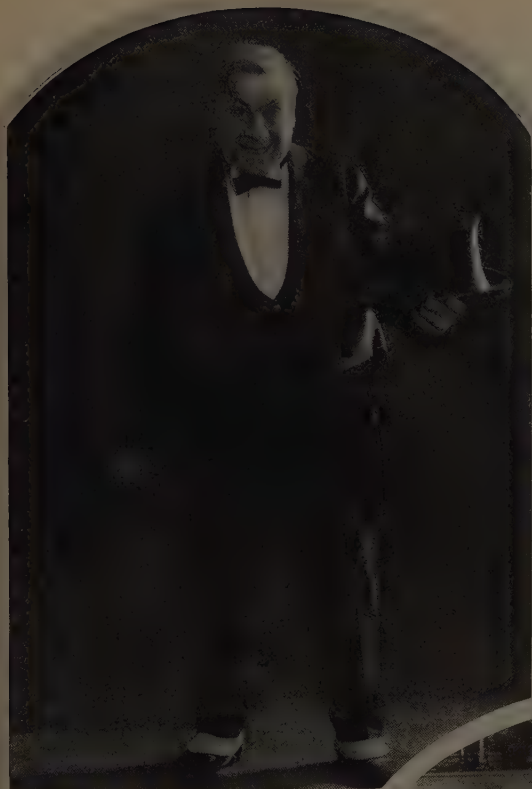
DURING the past season tens of thousands of out-of-town visitors in New York have expressed astonishment at the now well established custom of smoking cigarettes in public on the part of the better class of women. Not only in restaurants of the highest calibre, but also at the leading playhouses. Some theatres have installed smoking rooms for the ladies, others permitting men and women to smoke together, as at the Music Box. During fashionable first nights many women sauntered through the lobbies and even wandered to the sidewalks, for a few puffs. Which recalls the sensation created a generation ago,

when the noted English actress, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, lit a cigarette in the lobby of a smart New York hostelry. Requested by the management to desist, she refused to comply, so, with her pet dog, Pinky-Panky-Poo, she was required to depart in peace, thereby obtaining newspaper publicity and valuable advertising.

ONE particularly striking evidence of the bad effects of the past season was the number of players of leading parts, even stellar rôles, who were seeking engagements almost as persistently as were interpreters of lesser characters. Marjorie Rambeau and Grace George each starred in two productions, Helen MacKellar having been the featured player in three. Helen Hayes and Otto Kruger, who finally made hits in "The Ladies," had each been in two failures, William Faversham starring in three pieces in one season. Helen Menken, Margalo Gilmore and Pedro De Cordoba played leads in three plays, and Estelle Winwood was in four productions. Norman Trevor played leads in two pieces and starred in two others, while that excellent old actor, Fuller Mellish, was in five productions, not one of them catching on. Some of these ventures lasted two weeks in New York, some one week, and some closed during the preliminary try-out on the road. Even the most astute managers failed to please the public. William A. Brady had five failures, the Selwyns had four; George Broadhurst had two, and Charles Dillingham had one, "The Scarlet Man." Al Jolson tried out and discarded an elaborately produced Hawaiian play. As George Bernard Shaw says, "You never can tell!"

WHAT would you call this—a theatrical aviary, menagerie, aquarium, or a combination of all three? Note the plays on Broadway at this writing: "Lady Bug," at the Apollo; "The Goldfish," Maxine Elliott's theatre; "Blue Kitten," Selwyn; "Pigeon," at the Frazee; with "The Nest," at the 48th St. Theatre; "Cat and the Canary," at the National; "The Bat," at the Morosco; "The Hotel Mouse," at the Shubert; "The Hairy Ape," at the Plymouth theatre, and "Bulldog Drummond," at the Knickerbocker.

ALTHOUGH chorus-boys have remained part and parcel of certain recent musical comedies such as "Good Morning, Dearie" and "The Blue Kitten," other productions, "The Rose of Stamboul," for instance, relied merely on a double male octet. At one time, during the period before "comic opera" had become "musical comedy," the chorus men were in ludicrous contrast to the chorus women. Although the latter were expected to be young and pretty, the former were old and ugly. Then, when "musical comedy" advanced to "revue," the blue-chinned, red-nosed men were superseded by effeminate youths, which was a case of out of the frying-pan into the fire! During several seasons the Shubert chorus-boys, especially at the Wilter Garden, were regarded by the playhouse patrons with mingled derision and disdain.



Joe J. Sullivan brought back the days of the "flannel-mouthed" Irish comedians when he regaled vaudeville patrons with, *Where Did You Get That Hat*, which he composed years ago.



(Center)
Tony Williams, once starred in "Muldoon's Picnic," tells his granddaughter (May Kennedy) stories of old theatrical days.



The popular coon song, *My Gal Is A High Born Lady*, had younger Broadway humming it when Barney Fagan, its composer, re-introduced it recently at Keith's Palace Theatre.



(Left)
In her day Corinne was the last word in musical comedy. Today, in vaudeville, she proves she has not lost her charm.

Proof the war is over was demonstrated by the laughter Lizzie Wilson evoked when she revived her famous German song, *Schnitzelbank*.



VAUDEVILLE APPLAUDS STARS OF YESTERDAY



White

Prominent stage people who gave their services April 9, last, at the benefit performance of Balieff's "Chauve-Souris" for destitute artists in Moscow, Petrograd and Odessa. *From left to right:* Balieff, Sam Bernard, Leon Errol, Marilyn Miller, Walter Catlett, Laurette Taylor, Al Jolson, Doris Keane, Leonore Ulric, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish and Morris Gest, the originator of the benefit.

ON April 24th last, at the Hotel Commodore, New York City, the Catholic Actor's Guild of America gave a luncheon in honor of Archbishop Patrick J. Hayes, the members of the theatrical profession, and the dramatic critics. In this interesting group, taken after the luncheon, are: (*Left to right standing*): J. Hartley Manners, William Court Lee, Robert Keith Haynes, Gene Buck, Irvin S. Cobb, Tom Lewis, De Wolf Hopper, Elizabeth Marbury, Donald Brian, Daniel Frohman, Pedro de Cordoba, Mgr. Joseph H. McMahon, Raymond Hitchcock, Rev. John B. Kelly. (*Sitting*): Effie Shannon, William Collier, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, His Grace, the most Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, Archbishop of New York, Marie Wainwright, Hon. W. Bourke Cockran (Congressman from New York), Virginia O'Brien, Mary Tomoney.



Drucker and Raltes

Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Play



GARRICK. "WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS." Comedy by Arnold Bennett. Produced May 1, with this cast:

Sir Charles Worgan	Charles Dalton
Francis Worgan	Claude King
John Worgan	Moffat Johnston
Saul Kendrick	Malcom Dunn
Holt St. John	Louis Calvert
Simon Macquoid	Stanley Howlett
Emily Vernon	Margaret Wycherley
Mrs. Cleland	Jane Wheatly
Annie Worgan	Shirley King
Mrs. Worgan	Marietta Hyde

POLONIUS asked Hamlet what he was reading, "Words, words, words," was his reply. If you were to ask The Theatre Guild what it was playing these days, the response would probably be the same, "words, words, words." It follows up that torrential volume of words which it poured out over the footlights of the Garrick in "Back to Methuselah," with an extremely loquacious comedy, very lacking in action called, "What the Public Wants." But Arnold Bennett, who wrote the piece, if not always technically expert, is usually entertaining, and in this satire on the genius who moulds popular opinion through the medium of a chain of newspapers—Northcliffe was the original butt of his irony—Mr. Bennett is delightfully breezy, fresh and amusing. And then the comedy is so superlatively well acted in every part—and they are very human and well drawn characters that Mr. Bennett has penned—that a very much weaker piece than this would under the circumstances be distinctly worth the seeing.

The protagonist is Sir Charles Worgan whose philosophy of success is never to try to elevate, but simply pander to the commonplace taste and insensate curiosity, prurient or otherwise, of the average reader. It has worked with him and brought him millions and a title. But it loses him finally the delicate, sensitive and imaginative woman, a young, penniless widow, Mrs. Vernon who had accepted him.

It would be hard to imagine a more fitting embodiment of the rôle as presented by Charles Dalton. He is autocratic, domineering, insistent and relentless, a veritable boulder, though practically successful, and yet

withal a one who somehow elicits an affectionate regard. Mr. Dalton is all this, and so is Louis Calvert, the equally dominating manager of a theatre who would sacrifice all rather than deviate a hair's breadth in his devotion to a better art—a superb bit. So, too, is the dramatic critic—probably meant to be A. B. Walkley, who resigns, largely to show his detestation of the use of the split infinitive.

Margaret Wycherley's Mrs. Vernon is instinct with truth, sincerity and graceful charm, and Sir Charles' brothers, Francis, inherently refined, and John, a severe but honest provincial doctor, are portrayed to the life by Claude King and Moffat Johnson. Nor, in minor rôles, could the least exception be taken to the really finished art displayed by Jane Wheatley, Emily Fitzroy, Marietta Hyde and Harry Ashford.

KLAW. "THE SHADOW." A drama by Eden Phillpotts. Produced May 1, with this cast:

Nanny Coaker	Kate Morgan
Sarah Dunnybrig	Louise Randolph
Willes Gay	Dallas Welford
Thomas Turtle	J. M. Kerrigan
Elias Waycott	Noel Leslie
Johnny Slocombe	Barry Macollum
Hester Dunnybrig	Helen MacKellar
Phillip Blanchard	Percy Waram

THE fact that Eden Phillpotts is the author of "The Shadow," made the opening of this play at the Klaw Theatre an event of artistic consequence. Mr. Phillpotts' achievements in the modern novel have been noteworthy; his novels have been distinguished by clarity of style, honesty and originality. Yet, though he is well known to the reading public, "The Shadow" is the first of his plays to come to the United States. And the results have not been very satisfactory, for "The Shadow" is a tedious affair, clouded with dialect and made static by over-characterization.

Of course, these faults are the result of the author's earnest desire to show a humble group of people enmeshed in a provincial problem. The speech and manners are similar to

those of Masefield, Galsworthy and Stanley Houghton.

A man of seventy-five is cruelly and deliberately murdered for little real reason. Immediately following the murder his nephew, a mild-mannered and meek young fellow, declares his love for the daughter of the village storekeeper. But his meekness harmed his cause, for the girl rejects him and accepts his rival, a primitive fellow. Six months later a startling complication is revealed, for the successful suitor tells his wife that he has killed the old man and the rejected suitor publicly confesses his guilt in order that he may protect the girl he still loves.

The rest of the story concerns the girl's continued and frantic efforts to shield her guilty husband from suffering the consequences of his crime—a most peculiar and unprofitable purpose.

As the girl, Helen MacKellar again evidenced her rights to stardom. She is a versatile and winsome actress with a swift, dramatic instinct. Her best work, however, is in the lighter moods.

Dallas Welford, who has many splendid characterizations to his credit, was at his best in the rôle of a serio-comic butcher.

SELWYN. "PARTNERS . AGAIN." Comedy in 3 acts by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman. Produced May 1, with this cast:

Marks Pasinsky	Lee Kohlmer
Mawruss Perlmutter	Alexander Carr
Abe Potash	Barney Bernard
Leon Sammett	Cameron Clemens
Mrs. Sammett	Mabel Carruthers
Dan Davis	Louis Kimball
Mozart Rabiner	James Spottswood
Rosie Potash	Jennie Moscovitz
U. S. Commissioner	John T. Dwyer

IF the prosperity of the new Potash and Perlmutter show is to be measured by the gale of laughter it raised on the opening night the S. R. O. sign is likely to be a feature of the Selwyn Theatre lobby for a long time to come.

Its old stuff, of course—most of the good things of life have the hoar frost of age on them—but it's good

stuff, and as long as the racial types so cleverly and good naturedly caricatured by Montague Glass form a large part of our heterogeneous population, the amusing adventures and comic mishaps of the ignorant, yet shrewd Jewish clothing-makers, now partners in the automobile business, cannot fail to give theatre audiences unalloyed joy. The comedy makes an irresistible appeal not only to the Gentile, who has to guess at the meaning of many of the Jewish allusions, but also to the Jew who views himself as in a mirror and is intelligent enough to take no offence in seeing his racial weaknesses and oddities deliciously portrayed by Alexander Carr and Barney Bernard, than whom none could do them better.

Barney Bernard can be funnier with a serious face than any comedian I ever saw. In the last act, where he is tearfully anticipating a jail sentence and gives his wife a list of the comforts he'll need in prison—warm underwear, asperin, nujol, mathematic spirits of ammonia, etc.—he's a scream. But the play is too long. Judicious pruning would improve it.

APOLLO. "LADY BUG." Farce by Frances Nordstrom. Produced April 17, with this cast:

Robert Manning	Fleming Ward
Pauline Manning	Lilyan Tashman
J. Claude Ruthford	Leon Gordon
Dorothy Meredith	Leila Frost
Tutwiller Thornton	John Cumberland
Julia	Hilda Vaughn
Viddlars	Denman Maley
Marion Thornton	Marie Nordstrom
Daniel Dill	Edward Poland
Cook	Ida Fitzhugh

THERE is a good germ impregnated in "Lady Bug." But Frances Nordstrom, who wrote this farce, evidently believed that, having conceived a good idea, the dialogue, situations, and general structure of the play counted for little. It is a delusion under which many playwrights labor. Lady Bug crawls along in a slow and monotonous fashion after once she reveals her destination.

The good idea is this: A well-meaning, Dulcy-like woman, of the reformer type, goes in for all the latest fads, cults, religions, and social philosophies. After delving in all the ists and isms, she decides to brighten the lives of criminals after they are discharged from various penal institutions. The curtain goes up on a scene in her home where a

reception is in progress for a murderer she has taken under her wing. She presents him with a bouquet, a pretty little speech, introduces him to her friends, and then puts him in the blue guest-room of her home. There the good idea ends. Every one can foresee the outcome. The remainder is repetition, and emotional speeches by the Lady Bug to the effect that "evil does not exist."

John Cumberland, with his dry and quiet humor, and his drolleries, works hard to make "Lady Bug" move at a faster pace; Marie Nordstrom catches exceedingly well the spirit of the character she portrays; and Denman Maley, as the butler, and Edward Poland, as the pampered criminal, who turns out to be merely an alimony dodger, give adequate support.

RITZ. "THE ADVERTISING OF KATE." Comedy in 4 acts by Annie Nathan Meyer. Produced May 8, with this cast:

Miss Wanda	Maud Sinclair
Mr. Dell	Louis Fierce
Brandeth	Frederick J. Waelder
Sam	Gardner James
Wally Ziegler	Bertram U'Ren
Robert Kent	Leslie Austen
Sadie Ryan	Fay Courteney
Thaddeus Konx	Byron Beasley
Kate Blackwell	Mary Boland
Diana Verulman	Helen Gill
Aunt Maisie	Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Miss Levinsky	Gertrude Mann
Mrs. Muldoon	Peggy Doran

ANNIE NATHAN MEYER—may her sort increase—has taken an old idea (are there any new ones?) and made it the basis of a new and interesting comedy.

Kate Blackwell, the senior member of a successful advertising firm and unconsciously in love with her junior partner, Robert Kent, is a perfect wonder at advertising commodities; but when she sees another woman calmly robbing her of the man she wants, and proceeds to retrieve him by mixing business with sentiment and advertising herself, she almost comes a cropper. All this, as well as how she recovers herself and wins her man, is interestingly set forth in the play, which has now and then a dull moment offset by many bright and some brilliant ones.

The play is richly cast. First mention as well as honors must be given to Mrs. Whiffen, who as the heroine's aunt and the *dea ex machina* is as charming and attractive as possible. Mary Boland need feel no pang at giving precedence to such an

artist, since her own claims to artistic excellence are assured by an all-around fine performance of "Kate." Especially well done was the tense scene with Byron Beasley in the third act.

NEW AMSTERDAM. RUSSIAN GRAND OPERA. Heard for the first time in New York, May 8.

THAT this Russian Company is still in existence and giving evidence of study life after some years of wandering far from its homeland, should be a matter of wonder and admiration. It is true that the company is small, so small as to be totally inadequate to the giving of performances in the grand manner to which we are accustomed. It is true that there are no first- or even second-class voices among its principals or in its ensemble. It is also true that the orchestra plays raggedly and wanders from the key now and then; the scenery is crude and sometimes atrocious. But it is also true that the members of the company work together with a seriousness and unity of purpose which achieves results that cannot help being admired and respected by the sympathetic listener.

Then, too, they have made it possible for us to hear operas, some of them like Dargomizsky's "Mermaid" and Rubinstein's "Demon" written long ago, but of which we know almost nothing; as well as others of later date like Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar's Bride," full of exquisitely beautiful music and well worthy a place in the permanent repertoire of our own opera house.

BELMONT. "KEMPY." Comedy in 3 acts by J. C. Nugent and Elliott Nugent. Produced May 15, with this cast:

Ruth Bence	Ruth Nugent
"Dad" Bence	J. C. Nugent
"Ma" Bence	Jessie Crommette
Jane Wade	Helen Carew
Katherine Bence	Lotus Robb
Ben Wade	Robert Lee Allen
"Kempy" James	Elliott Nugent
"Duke" Merrill	Grant Mitchell

AHOME-MADE theatrical dish this, and, like many domestic products, quite a palatable little comedy. Indeed, it is not too much to say that the piece proved one of the most enjoyable occasions that the end of the season has given us.

Written by J. C. Nugent, the vaudeville monologist, the play contains all the ingredients a veteran of the thea-

tre knows so well how to employ—surprise, humor, clever lines, gaiety, human interest. Added to this is a certain Barrie-like quality—a play of fantasy and whimsical imagination that makes the entire evening delightful entertainment. Because the comedy reminds one of that other charming and highly successful piece “The First Year,” is nothing against it. On the contrary, it proves once more that you can't have too much of a good thing.

Kempy, a young plumber with ambitions soaring far above his trade, goes into a house to mend a pipe. When he quits the job, he has left his wrench behind, but takes with him the daughter of the home, with whom he goes before a Justice of the Peace. He has only \$11.50 with which to start housekeeping, and by the time he's through with the Court he has only \$1.50 and his wrench.

The piece is admirably acted by the Nugent family—notably by Ruth Nugent, a new-comer, and Elliott Nugent, who plays Kempy. Grant Mitchell and Miss Lotos Robb also add joy to the capable cast.

ASTOR. “THE BRONX EXPRESS.” Fantastic comedy by Ossip Dymow. Translated by Samuel R. Golding. Adapted for the American stage by Owen Davis. Produced May 3d, with this cast:

David Hungerstoltz	Charles Coburn
Sarah	Bertha Creighton
Leah	Hope Southerland
Sammy	Sidney Salkowitz
Reb Kalmon Lippe	James H. Lewis
Joseph Hayman	Joseph Sterling
Jacob Katzenstein	James R. Waters
Casey	Thomas Williams
Miss Mason	Mrs. Coburn
Jack Flame	John G. Bertin

IT would have been difficult for any play to have lived up to the publicity that preceded “The Bronx Express,” which was associated with the names of four or five producers after a much lauded run in the Yiddish theatre.

Its final sponsors are Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, who have actually splurged themselves on a large production which may not bring large returns. For “The Bronx Express” is not a good play. It may have been good as originally written by Ossip Dymow, but as adapted by Owen Davis, it becomes an unconvincing *pot pourri* of melodrama, symbolism, musical comedy, burlesque and vaudeville. Such variety of mood and method

would be permissible if continuity of theme and purpose had been established, but neither is maintained or even emphasized.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Coburn are badly miscast. Outwardly, Mr. Coburn gives a genuine impression of a Jew—his beard and clothes are representative. But here the impression ends. He lacks all the Jewish mannerisms, his movements, voice and accent are all mechanical and superficial. He has been quite unable to duplicate his work in “The Better 'Ole,” nor was Mrs. Coburn more successful in a briefer rôle.

TIMES SQUARE. “THE CHARLATAN.” Play in 3 acts, by Leonard Praskins and Ernest Pascal. Produced April 24, with this cast:

Mason Talbot	William Ingersoll
Eric Stark	Craufurd Kent
Bryce	Lewis Broughton
Jagi-Nama	William Podmore
Annie	Florence Johns
Dhima	Fania Marinoff
Cagliostro	Frederick Tiden
Avril Penniston	Olive Wyndham
Florence Gilly-Smythe	Margaret Dale
Herbert Deering	Purnell Pratt
Dr. Paynter	Edward Powers

WHILE a mystery play is naturally, intended to mystify, the mystification should not continue after the curtain has dropped on the last act. It is one thing to puzzle an audience up to a certain point, quite another to permit it to leave the theatre still hopelessly in the dark. A mystery play should not be in the form of a serial. Although, perhaps it is the intention of the authors, to “continue it in our next.” But if their sequel proves as confusing and irritating as the first installment of their mystery play no one will care to go and see it.

The only thing that was at all clear about “The Charlatan” was the fact that the collaborators got together, created numerous baffling entanglements, with a murder and “who is the murderer” plot, and then, finding everything hopelessly entangled, made no effort to straighten out the puzzling situations at the end of the play. They evidently argued: “Well, this is a mystery play, let the audience figure it out for themselves.” The wife of a magician is murdered. But why? Every one in the play acted guilty? Why? Why was the society girl in love with the married magician? No one knows. No one will ever know. Really, no one wants to know. A mystery play with a vengeance!

FRAZEE. “THE NIGHT CALL.” Mystery play by Adeline Hendricks. Produced April 26, with this cast:

Alice Dodge	Elsie Rizer
The Man	Charles Trowbridge
Martha Stuart-Scott	Helen Lowell
Jerry Thompson	Jay Hanna
Mollie Braden	Nellie Burt
George Dodge	Dodson Mitchell
Bob Braden	Earle Mitchell
Edward Howe	Brandon Hurst
The Other Man	Wells Spalding

THIS play is handicapped at the start by the fact that it comes after—and in certain respects a long way after—certain others of the same genre which are still on view on Broadway. One who has not seen “The Bat,” nor “The Cat and the Canary,” will be able to extract a number of thrills, and some mild and reminiscent amusement from “The Night Call.”

It is a mystery play of no distinction whatever, written with bold frankness to be a thriller; and every known trick for producing said thrills has been employed, even including wireless. Little art has entered into the making of the play, and in spots its cheapness is apparent.

It devolves upon the actors to furnish whatever of art the performance may contain, and it may be said that the amount so furnished is negligible. Elsie Rizer, as the heroine, continually offends by overacting in an attempt to drive her points home. Charles Trowbridge, on the other hand, exercises commendable restraint, and thereby achieves with ease the most effective success. The other members of the cast manage to make their rôles moderately interesting and plausible.

After all, there have been several worse plays foisted on us this season, and this one will serve *pour passer le temps*.

MAXINE ELLIOTT. “The Goldfish.” Comedy in 3 acts by Gladys Unger. Producer April 17th, with this cast:

Magnolia	Lucille La Verne
Amelia Pugsley	Norma Mitchell
Jenny	Marjorie Rambeau
Jim Wetherby	Wilfred Lytell
Count Nevski	Wilton Lackaye
Herman Krauss	Ben Hendricks
Ellen	Rhy Derby
Casimer	John De Silva
Hamilton J. Power	Robert T. Haines
Wilton	John Robb
Duke of Middlesex	Dennis Cleughs

AN excellent French play done into hash for the American boulevards is the fate of the more or less famous “L'Ecole des Cocottes” by Armont and

Gerbidon, on view at the present writing under the latest contribution to the zoological series of play titles, "The Goldfish." That it serves to bring the lovely Rambeau back to a stage is something that tends to compensate in part for the corruption of a semi-classic comedy, but cannot stay the business of eyebrow-lifting at Gladys Unger's authorship of the hammered article. When will American writers—adapters in particular—and managers learn that the purely Gallic comedy, as "L'Ecole des Cocottes" is, cannot be transported with anything of either interest or entertainment remaining unless an effort be made to preserve its spirit by retaining the scene and characters of the original?

A "flat in West 24th Street," is not the Parisian *quartier*, and the hard-shelled, chorus-brained wife of a jazz song writer is not the piquant mistress of a young, struggling artist. Nor is a play which depends for its humor on the idea of the young mistress shifting from lover to lover as she climbs the social scale through well applied tutelage still humorous when the shifting is done by a wife from one husband to another to suit her socially ambitious purposes. Fun flies out of the theatre window with any such effort to apply the idea to the "popular mind" and conventions of Broadway. What is delightful in the original becomes sordid, crass and hideously immoral in the alleged "censored" version. I cannot believe that Miss Unger is responsible in the main for this vulgar popularizing of a charming, sophisticated comedy.

Miss Rambeau, once a lamentable effort at doing a "Kiki" in the first act is over, reaches a stride that lends charm if not plausibility to the character of Jenny, the much married wife. There are moments and scenes of marked expertness, times when flashes of the play's French ancestor shine through with fine co-operation by both adapter and actress. But, for the rest, "The Goldfish" is little else than one more brick in the monument to stupidity.

LONGACRE, "Go Easy, Mabel," Musical Comedy by Charles George. Produced May 8th, with this cast:

Ted Sparks	Will J. Deming
Mabel Sparks	Estelle Winwood
Mabel Montmorency	Ethel Levey
Edward Drenton	James C. Marlowe
Mrs. Edward Drenton	Margaret Dumont
Bruce Drenton	Russell Mack
George Macdonald	Arthur Aylesworth
Tessie Claire	Eileen Van Bie

IT is a confusing season that presents the same artist in two such productions as "The Idiot" and "Go Easy, Mabel," the former a grim tragedy, the latter an idiotic farce. But the versatile Estelle Winwood makes both grades, one up, the other down. The spectacle of an actress doing anything but the same old thing in the American theatre is so rare that, for all my regret at seeing fine talent wasted on unutterable piffle like "Go Easy, Mabel," I cannot but give three huzzas for so admirable a display of virtuosity.

"Go Easy, Mabel" is a stock musical show that should never have left stock, if indeed it should ever have gone into it. It served to bring Ethel Levey back to the legitimate stage after a long absence abroad. The years have left Miss Levey unchanged; in her way she is the female equivalent of the man who made the American flag popular and to whom she was once married. She is the Yankee *sans pareille*. And a delightful Yankee to boot. One, certainly, that deserves a better fate than playing Mabel. I can console myself and her only with the thought that she'll not play it long.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, "Billeted," a Comedy by F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood, produced May 9th, with this cast:

Rose	Mary Hughes
Emmaline Liptrott	Sally Williams
Rev. Ambrose Liptrott	Harold Vizard
Penelope Moon	Selena Royle
Betty Taradine	Lois Bolton
Colonel Preedy	Lumsden Hare
Mr. MacFarlane	Marshall Vincent
Captain Rymill	H. Langdon Bruce
Mrs. Brace	Kate Mayhew

BILLETED," is one of the war-plays that contain none of the horrors of the great conflict. It served to relieve the tension of mind of those who saw it during the war, and also as a successful vehicle for Margaret Anglin, who made of its heroine, Betty Taradine, an altogether charming person. The revival of it at the Greenwich Village Theatre by The Comedy Company, under the direction of Grace Griswold, is a thoroughly fine one in all respects, and it shows that the comedy has lost none of its sparkle during the lapse of time. It is provided with a choice cast. The four leading players work together with the utmost skill and success to bring out all its fine points; and they are ably seconded by all those to whom the minor parts are entrusted.

The result is an evening of entertainment that is well worth while.

PRINCESS, "The Red Geranium," Comedy-drama, by Ruth M. Woodward, produced May 8th, with this cast:

Larry	William S. Rainey
Mary	Florence Rittenhouse
Bill	Mary Ricard
Sallie	Eleanor Coates
Mid	Robert J. Adams
Jane	Marion Lord
Elizabeth	Kirah Markham
Beatrice	Mary Donnelly
John Dawson	Benjamin Kauser
The Dope	Donald Bethune
The Doctor	Frank Andrews
Mary's Mother	Mina Gleason
Policeman	Edward Fetbroth

SOMEHOW Greenwich Village seems to stand for everything amateurish—amateur philosophers, amateur radicalism, amateur artists. And the same thing applies to plays which come out of the Village. "The Red Geranium" is typical. It is not a hardy blossom, and most assuredly is destined not to bloom for long. In addition to the weak structure, it is presented in an amateurish way by the entire cast.

The story is cheaply melodramatic. A country school teacher pays a visit to Greenwich Village. She attends Village parties, and these festivities are the only features of the play which savor of true Village atmosphere. A drug fiend dies at one of these hilarious entertainments. Sweet little Mary then meets a Village free lover. He is supposed to be a devil among the ladies. Like all Don Juans of the Village he is not the virile, manly type that one usually associates with great lover rôles. Little Mary goes to live with him in a combination tea-room and apartment. The tea-room is called "The Red Geranium." Little Mary finds that she is soon to be a mother. Her old home sweetheart, faithful John, appears and says "my God!" several times in a bleating tone of voice. John looks and acts like a butcher, but he is really a factory superintendent.

Poor little Mary is moved to a hospital. Her mother, appearing not much older than herself, visits her erring child, and forgives her, after exacting a promise from Mary that she will go through a marriage ceremony. The Village free lover refuses her request. She plunges from her hospital window to her death on the pavement. Moral: Virtue is its own reward—Stay away from the Village, little country maid! This is one of the most puerile plays of the season.



(Below)

ADELE ASTAIRE

This comely comedienne whose amusing antics were the one outstanding feature of "The Love Letter," is now being co-starred with her brother, Fred, in "For Goodness Sake."



Edward Thayer Monroe

CONSUELO
FLOWERTON

As picturesque as her name and with the added distinction of having rendered a real service in gathering in recruits for the Navy, by posing for the famous Christie navy poster, Consuelo Flower-ton is now one of the bright spots in "Good Morning, Dearie."

Monroe



Pach Bros.

ELEO MAYFIELD

One can even forgive the stereotyped title of "The Blushing Bride" when this personable actress plays the title rôle.



Morall

FAIRBANKS TWINS

The unaffected simplicity of these charming little girls is largely responsible for their long and successful tour in "Two Little Girls in Blue."

It's None of the Public's Business

Players Hotly Resent Criticism of Their Private Morals, But—

By ARCHIE BELL

M LLE. GABY DESLYS pouted her painted lips, pretended to brush a tear from her painted eyelashes to a lace handkerchief, and then told me plainly that she thought the world had abused her. She said: "the newspapers have printed such terrible stories about me in connection with an exalted personage of Portugal . . . it's wicked and it's cruel."

Poor little lady in distress! I pitied her and I told her so. "Deny every one of the stories, tell me that you never knew the King of Portugal, declare that all of the yarns were mere inventions for the press, and I'll wager that every newspaper will print what you say," I told her.

"Non, non, non, that is my personal life . . . It is none of the public's business. My acting, yes, that is different, and they may say what they please; but my personal life, that's different."

Gaby could see herself attempting to derive a bargain in contracts with theatrical managers . . . in which she proved to be an expert . . . once the story that brought her fame was denied. No, no, that was "personal."

L ILY LANGTRY once told me practically the same thing. Her name also appeared in the public prints frequently in close proximity to that of a king. She hated it and she said so. That was her personal life, it was none of the public's business, although she told me that she first went on the stage because old Edmund Yates suggested it as a means of making money that was much needed at the time. "They are breaking their necks to see you in London drawingrooms," he said, "so why don't you make them pay for it in the theatre?" It was an idea that bore fruit and the friendship of Lily Langtry and King Edward remained her best newspaper "copy" throughout her career. "But let them discuss my acting, say whatever they please about my work on the stage," she argued. "My personal life is my own and none of the public's business."

But were they correct, these celebrated ladies of the stage? Is it true that the private life of an illustrious personage is no affair of the public's . . . particularly when that public pays to see them, after having been coaxed to do so by reports of unusual lives? On the contrary, is it not possible that it is the little affairs in private life that are the turning-points from obscurity to fame's limelight?

AS national and international popularity go, Miss Laurette Taylor was an obscure actress until she met Hartley Manners, the playwright. He admired her, married her, wrote plays for her enactment, best known of which is "Peg o' My Heart." Thus, quite apart from its value as a work of art . . . it has amused millions of people . . . did not the

"private affairs of Miss Taylor and Mr. Manners give the world what it would not have had otherwise? Is it not possible that we have a talented actress, widely accepted as such, whom we would not have known but for their marriage? I have not the pleasure of Mr. Manners' acquaintance, but if he be like all the others, I have not the slightest doubt that he would tell me that their marriage and mutual admiration were private affairs and none of the public's business; and his wife, likely as not, would say the same thing."

JULIA MARLOWE and E. H. Sothern never pleased the multitude when single stars, as they have pleased since they fell in love with one another and married. It was a very "private" affair for both of them, for each had married before and doubtless they realized that there is a considerable portion of the American public that does not smile upon divorce and re-marriage for stage people, or other people. Once I wrote something about the great value of this combination of talent to the art-loving public and I remarked that man-like, Sothern always had been a big spender, whereas, Miss Marlowe, woman-like, had been a saver with a thought on the possible rainy day. This was very personal and private, it appears, and had nothing to do with their professional life, for Mr. Sothern wrote me a letter and told me that it was none of the public's business, or a newspaper-writer's business whether Miss Marlowe saved her money or spent it.

But wasn't it? The public gladly paid and pays \$3 or more to see Marlowe and Sothern productions. Were they not far better as a setting for Miss Marlowe's eloquent acting than the productions in which she appeared before the combination was formed? Did not Sothern act better in company with Miss Marlowe than he ever acted before? Were they not able to enact the immortal love-scenes of Shakespeare, because they were in love with one another? Was it not the "private affair" in their lives that concerned the public as much as their skill as actors?

P ERHAPS the world, at least America, has had enough gossip and frankness about the personal life of Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian playwright. Perhaps he did not advance in the affections of the American public by his visit to this country a short time ago. There was a vivid description of his private life in the press at the time, for he had taken to himself a new wife and America seemed to prefer the older; nevertheless, what did events in his private life do for Maeterlinck as a creator of art works for the enjoyment of a vast public?

Maeterlinck was a somewhat moon-stricken poet, who recited poems to gas

flames before he fell in love with Georgette Leblanc. Then he wrote "Monna Vanna" instead of nonsense like "La Princesse Maleine"; he wrote "The Blue Bird" instead of works like "Serres Chaudes." Does the public not have the right to know that the poet's great love for Georgette Leblanc inspired him to his noblest achievements? Is the private life of such a celebrity nobody's business but his own?

Did the love of Eleanora Duse and Gabriel D'Annunzio not give the world that wonderful novel, "Il Fuoco"? Is it idle curiosity that prompts a desire to know something of the private lives of the characters in the tragedy or comedy that produced this work?

It was a very intimate and personal relationship between Richard Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck that gave the world "Tristan and Isolde," which the composer frankly admitted, although there has been a disposition at Bayreuth to overlook the written evidence in the case. And it was the "personal" or private life of Franz Liszt with the Countess d'Agoult that provided Wagner's inspiration for his later works, as he frequently admitted, and not the piano playing or compositions of the great master . . . the "greatest of them all," according to his illustrious son-in-law. The world has the right to know what transpired beyond the threshold of *Wahnfried*, for "Parsifal" and the "Ring" are world property and whatever contributed to their creation cannot and will not be hidden from view.

A CELEBRATED diva does not like it to be known or printed that she once worked as a housemaid in an American home; but this fact should be widely heralded as an inspiration to other housemaids.

Actresses and singers would too often like to have it appear as if they took an extended holiday in childhood for the purpose of obtaining an education, but that in reality they were recognized at birth or soon afterwards as geniuses, although few of them gained the slightest recognition when they were legal infants—doubtless did not deserve it—and facts prove that it was some comparatively small and a "personal" or "private" event that altered their careers and contributed much to achievements for which they became noted.

M ADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK, usually the great exception to all rules, delights in self-revelation and she has lived long enough to know that no such thing as private life exists for one of her celebrity. When she was approached by a rather cautious inquirer on the subject of the advisability of a diva becoming a mother, she replied: "I have had eight children, and I got a new tone with each child."



Alfred Cheney Johnston

MRS. LIONEL BARRYMORE

Seen this past season in support of her husband in Bernstein's play "The Claw," this actress (née Rankin) will appear on Broadway next fall in a new play.

The Stage Honors Rose Coghlan

Theatrical Notabilities Gather to Pay Tribute to a Fine Artist

By ADA PATTERSON

SHE isn't quite sure whether he is right, that prince who afterward became a king, and who advised her not to go to America.

"Why do you go to that country?" he asked, in regret and reproof. "They will like you there at first, while you are young. But it is a young land and they want only youth. When you are old you will be forgotten."

The Prince of Wales uttered the warning to Rose Coghlan. They had met at a dinner. He had admired her. They met again and he admired her the more. He regretted her determination to leave the cosy little island for the expansive land where he told her she would flourish, but only for a time. He reminded her that they write plays for their elderly actresses in England. They give them benefits that make them cosily off in mind and body and purse in their declining years.

That was fifty years ago. The Prince of Wales became King Edward VII of England, served his country diplomatically and died as he had lived. Rose Coghlan made her journey to America, and has for the most part played here, and now she is wondering whether the young man who was to become a king spoke with as much truth as force and insistence. For on April 23rd, at the Apollo Theatre in New York, there was dire need of the benefit tendered this fine artist by the public and the profession.

MISS COGHLAN was too ill to be present. In her deep contralto tones Elsie Ferguson read the message sent by the veteran actress:

"To you, dear friends, I must express my love and thanks; to the managers and artists who have made this benefit possible; to the press, which so sympathetically made known my distress to the public, and to the public for its generous response and rally to my aid.

"I have loved the theatre, and to know how those of the theatre love me is a great consolation and happiness. If I must sit idly by I shall not complain, because through the generosity of each and every one of you, dear friends, I am enabled to rest comfortably and without worry—in a little place of my own called 'home'—and in such happiness I am content, and my love and gratitude will be yours always."

The sum realized from the benefit was \$10,000.

Miss Coghlan claims no nest of ease, has no yearnings for the quiet life that is the *summum bonum* of the middle aged. Her vigor is practically unabated. Her love for the stage is undiminished. She proved that when, one May night, she recited at the close of Wallack's Theatre on the same stage and in the same costume which she had worn thirty-three years' be-

fore, the epilogue written by Oliver Herford.

It was she who, when the poet submitted to her the draft of his poem, said: "But put something about Wallack in it." He was king of the stage at that time. "Of course, you must put something about Wallack in it." With rare unction and splen-



ROSE COGHLAN

In 1873, at the time she was a member of Wallack's famous stock company.

did authority, she recited the completed lines, ending with the four stanzas inspired by her, that were a tribute to the vanished star of an elder time.

The audience held her for ten minutes before the recitation and nearly as long when it was done. She seemed a living, resplendent ghost of the great days at Wallack's and they who had come to seal its memories were reluctant to let her go. Her last public appearance was in "Deburau" last season.

Last December, at the banquet given by the Society of Arts and Sciences to David Belasco, at the Biltmore Hotel in New York, Miss Coghlan said: "We like old wine, old books, old pictures, why not old actors?"

Is America fickle? Is she faithful? Does her taste incline to new faces, fresh voices? Or is she more deeply moved by old favorites? Rose Coghlan is anxiously weighing these questions, for she proposes to utilize the time of her convalescence, or longer imposed rest, in writing her memoirs and will combine them with a biography of her gifted brother. How many will care to read this book? In the

old fashioned apartment at 253 West 42nd Street, where she had lived until destitution deprived her of it, one saw a portrait of her brilliant brother Charles. His portrait hangs in the place of honor. Her heart yields him the same place. None of the Niagara of compliments that has poured upon her are as gratifying as to hear: "You remind me of your brother Charles," or "You were as clever as he."

She is at work upon her memoirs which will include much about his meteor-like career, and its unhappy end in Galveston. In his death, as in life, he was the wanderer. The flood swept his iron coffin from his resting place and it has never been reclaimed from the sea.

Charles Coghlan was born in Paris. His sister, Rose, followed him upon the life stage eleven years later. It was in a play presented by her brother, that she first walked upon the stage. She was one of a group of Spanish dancers. It was seeing him in a small part as one of four heralds of the king in an old English spectacle, that moved her to determine to be an actress.

The excellence of Rose Coghlan's acting established a standard in this country. When rôles, classic or romantic were played it was said: "But you should have seen Rose Coghlan in that." They said it of those who followed her in revivals of "Diplomacy," of "Forget-me-not." They said it of Peg Woffington. There was never quite such a Penelope as she in "Ulysses."

Even now she looks but fifty of her two and seventy years. "Why don't they write for me at my age?" she asks, the Coghlan imperiousness in her tone. "They wrote plays for Mrs. John Wood, in London, after she was sixty. They wrote them for her until she died at my age, seventy-two. I wonder if His Royal Highness was right." Why, in the afterglow of her life, should an actress of such beauty, talent and distinction as Rose Coghlan be in need of aid from the public and from her fellow mimes?

Assuming the financial responsibility for ill starred plays, heavy domestic obligations, "taking the wrong turn of the road" in the choice of part or play or management, such turn as any actress might take, the affliction of a wrenched ankle, a tour that was expected to be one of forty weeks but terminated after eight, these individually and collectively contributed to her need.

She has retired to a modest home in Lond Island, with her adopted daughter, Mrs. Rose Pitman, to wait for the long rest that comes to all, or to gather vigor for more creations and engagements. She hopes that the period of inactivity will be brief. For the taste of life is still sweet upon her tongue. Her buffeted soul is still buoyant.

HAMILTON REVELLE

From Mrs. Fiske's old lover in "Miss Nelly of N'Orleans" to the slippery decks of Captain Applejack's pirate schooner is somewhat of a strain on one's powers of versatility, but this well-known player is quite equal to the task.



(Below)

ROBERT EDESON

Every self-respecting mystery play must necessarily go in heavily for things Indic. The dark and devious ways of Sheiks, Fakirs, and Charlatans have already been dragged before our startled eyes. The latest hair-raising addition to the spook drama, "On the Stairs," boasts of this forboding looking Swami in the person of the old-time favorite Robert Edeson.



(Right)

WALLACE EDDINGER

Not only is he a live-wire pirate skipper in "Captain Applejack," but this popular actor is also some judge of a play. When the Hackett comedy was the reigning hit in London, Wallie snatched it away in true Applejack fashion right under the noses of several interested American

producers.



Stroinal

Victor Georg

MATINEE IDOLS IN PICTURESQUE ROLES

Molière—Man of the Theatre

World Wide Celebration of the Great French Playwright's Three Hundredth Anniversary

By WILLIAM FENWICK HARRIS

GANYMEDE," imperiously ordered Napoleon the Great, "page Monsieur de Molière."

"I admire your tact, Sire, in not sending Iris for him," remarked Ben Jonson. "He is still embittered by his unhappy experiences elsewhere. I will send her for Will Shakespeare."

The requests for the appearance of the two great masters of comedy were the result of converse upon a mead of asphodel within the Islands of the Blessed. A group was discussing the news radiated to them to the effect that all the world was marking with a white stone the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Molière.

Napoleon was arrogating to himself a first portion, if not all the glory.

"The House of Molière," he declaimed, "is the only theatre in the world on which well-nigh three centuries look down upon a succession of continuous performances. Its every tradition has been handed down direct from the master by a line of actors each of whom has his artistic inheritance from Molière himself.

"The actors of the Francais were merely scattered throughout the other theatres of Paris until I mastered the spirit of turbulence as a result of that famous whiff of grape-shot. We had no breaking up of all traditions of dramatic continuity such as the Puritans forced upon your nation of shop-keepers when they entirely suppressed the play-houses of your Merry England. In France I quickly set the drama back upon firmer feet than ever. My genius has ever been for the dramatic . . ."

"Call it theatric, your Majesty, and let it pass at that," chirped Charles Lamb.

"Dramatic or theatric," insisted Francisque Sarcey, "the emperor was a true friend to our national theatre. He attracted the astonished notice of the world by his famous Decree of Moscow. By that he firmly reestablished the Théâtre Francais."

"His Majesty showed a real respect for the drama," insisted Sarcey. "And at one and the same time he preserved for posterity the direct traditions of our Molière and kept intact a most interesting economic institution. Molière and his company had one of the first systems of profit sharing. As shown by the daily records of La Grange,

their stage-manager, the takings of each performance were divided into so many equal parts. Each member of the company was entitled to a share, or a half share, or in the case of Molière, two shares, one as actor and one as director and author."

"His Majesty preserved that custom, and autocrat though he was, he perpetrated the democratic system of the Francais, which still makes the troupe the masters of the affairs of the house."

Molière and Shakespeare strolled in arm in arm, chatting merrily together, discussing the reason for their summons.

"There can be but one explanation, my dear Jean Baptiste," insisted Will, talking in the plain prose which he affected off-stage. "They are expecting you to put on an impromptu to celebrate your own birthday. Everybody's doing it. I'm told you once wrote, rehearsed, and acted a piece within eight days."

"C'est vrai, mon ami," replied Molière, but what of that? The theatre is the one place in the world where you can do the impossible. I learned that in my many years of trouping. Heigh ho!" he sighed, "a hard school, that!"

"My boy," said Will, "I envy you those years and that school. That's where you

you your own sprite Ariel incarnate?"

"In the spacious days of great Elizabeth we all thought big. If they don't resemble the reality . . ."

"Tant pis for the reality, then," laughed Molière.

"Ah, gentlemen," said Napoleon as the two entered, "We have summoned you to settle an interesting discussion. Upon the works of what dramatic author in the history of all time have the greatest number of human eyes looked down in actual performance?"

"My friend, Jean Baptiste!" instantly answered Will.

"Sans doute it is Monsieur Will!" as quickly countered the other.

There ensued a merry bit of generous banter between the two great masters of comedy. Will called attention to the fact that from Molière's day to this, his rival's plays had never been off the repertory in his own house in Paris, that other theatres in the capital, and notably the Odéon, have played him innumerable times, and that the provinces have always received with open arms the touring companies that have brought him to them. "And think of it!" he cried, "three hundred years after his birth, Paris has seen in one season twenty-eight of his plays!"

"My generous friend has no trace of envy," said Molière with a smile, "but I call his attention to the imposing host of great actors and actresses in these Islands of the Blessed who have counted it their proudest boast to impersonate his immortal crew, and of America, as well."

"Tis a pretty quarrel," said Richard Brinsley Sheridan. "Why not agree that they both win, with the field nowhere?"

"The more so," quoth Will, "as neither of us had any great thought of posterity either at the box-office or through the printed page. We looked on ourselves as mere men of the practical theatre, affording entertainment to our fellows and keeping the wolf from our own doors. The play was the thing for us, the play of today and of the immediate morrow."

"At any rate," insisted Charles Lamb, "no one ever lived who could better tell the world what ailed it."



Molière's play "La Princesse d'Elide," being performed before the King and his court at Versailles

learned to fashion those marvellous characters that forever hold the mirror up to the France of your day.

"You are generous, Will. You didn't need to sit in the barber's chair, 'as I did at Pézenas and watch the types drift by. *Mon Dieu!* How did you form acquaintance with all that gallery of yours of sheer universal humanity, of kings and potentates, fools, wise men, poets, noble women, from every corner of the firmament, past, present, and to come? Were

The Silent Drama



Abbe

NORMA TALMADGE

Following her appearance in the screen version of "Smilin' Through" and "The Eternal Flame," Norma will rush to California to play the much harrassed heroine of Edgar Selwyn's "The Mirage," and then to Europe for a vacation.



Abbe

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

No more "virtuous vamp" rôles for Constance. Following her appearance in "The Primitive Lover," written especially for her by Edgar Selwyn, she will assay her first really dramatic rôle as the little Chinese maid, Ming Toy, of "East Is West."



Murray

LILLIAN GISH

Quite appropriately in a meditative mood, for this sympathetic heroine of "Orphans of the Storm" is soon to start her own motion picture company, and like most other movie directors she finds it hard to decide what will make the best initial offering.

STARS OF THE SILVER SCREEN



MARY PICKFORD
And now the movies are going in for revivals. This universal favorite will soon begin work on an elaborate production of "Tess of the Storm Country," one of her most popular early pictures, by unanimous request.

(Below)

MAY McAVOY

The charming Grizel of "Sentimental Tommy" will soon be seen in the screen version of William J. Locke's interesting story, "The Morals of Marcus."



Edward Thayer Monroe

Campbell



Murray



Edward Thayer Monroe

BETTY COMPSON

This pulchritudinous screen artist, whose intelligent work in that unusual and fine picture, "The Miracle Man," placed her firmly on the road to success, will next be seen in "The Bonded Woman."

RUTH GOODWIN

This newest and youngest of the juvenile stars now appearing in moving pictures, though only eight years of age, plays the leading juvenile rôle with William Farnum in "A Romance of the Stage."

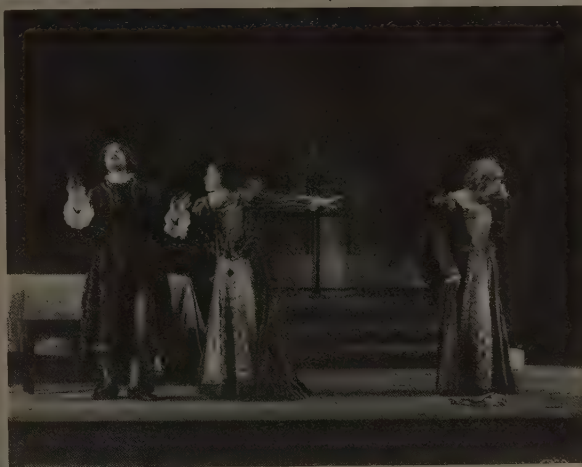
THE AMATEUR STAGE

By M. E. KEHOE



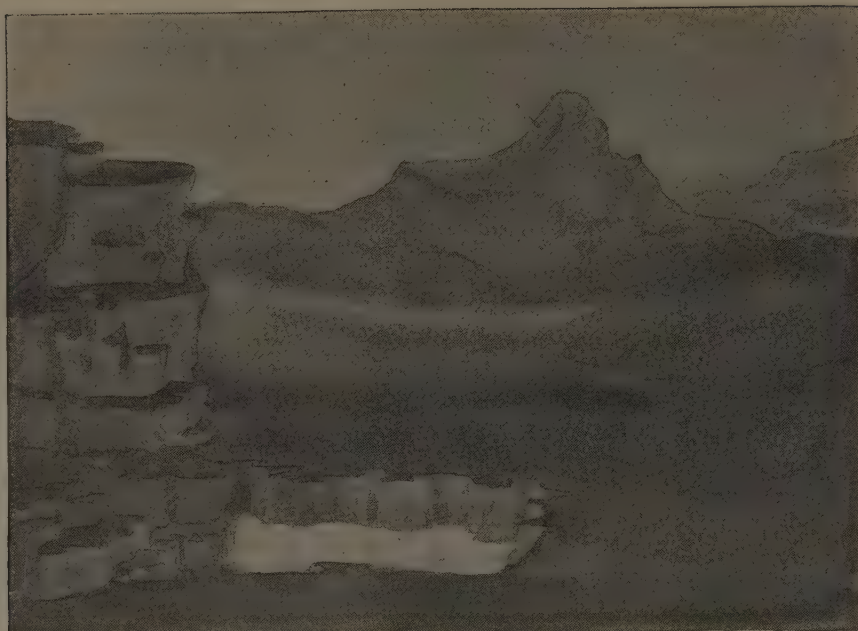
Play-Production At The University of Washington

Dramatic activity at the University of Washington, Seattle, has broadened and advanced rapidly as a result of courses in acting, producing and playwriting, and since the advent of Glenn Hughes as Director a number of plays of high literary merit have been produced. The most recent venture of the group was an original and spirited interpretation of Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew"



The action of "The Taming of the Shrew" as the University of Washington Players produced it, was limited to three settings (illustrated), so arranged that practically no waits between acts were necessary. A street drop (top) designed and executed for the production by Miss Alfrida Storm, an instructor in the department of painting, was one of the significant features

THIS stage set and the costumes for "The Gold Circle" were designed by Edward I. R. Jennings, a student of costume and design at Carnegie Institute of Technology



Setting for "The Gold Circle." The foreground and tops of the rocks glow with a brilliant flame color. The profile of the rocks and the distant hills are shadowed in purple that fades to a delicate blue.

"The Gold Circle"

A Fantastic Play in One Scene

By THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Director, Dramatic Arts Department, Carnegie Institute of Technology

Cast of Characters

THE OVERSEER OF THE GOLD WASHERS
THE GREEK
THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT
THE MERCHANT
THE WAZIR
THE EMPEROR

Slaves of the pool; the Merchant's Camel-drivers; the Wazir's men; the Emperor's Retinue.

A group of Oriental slaves are washing for gold in a pool at the foot of a cliff. They are superintended by an Overseer, who has a long whip. Above, on the edge of the cliff, another slave, the Greek, sits, kicking his heels and swinging a stone hammer idly in his hands. The Overseer takes from the gold washers one by one the grains of gold that are left in the pans. The Greek has left his pan unwashed, and when the Overseer comes to it, he looks up for the runaway; seeing him above, he calls out to him.

OVERSEER

Idle and good-for-nothing! Come back to your basin.

THE GREEK

Patience, good master. I am tired of spinning the gravel in a basin to find so little dust of gold at the bottom.

OVERSEER

It is not for you to reckon the gold in the basin.

THE GREEK

It is needful that someone reckon it, lest we waste our labor.

OVERSEER

The labor of laying my whip to your back will not be wasted.

THE GREEK

Again you mistake, master.

OVERSEER

(Losing his temper.)

Come down at once. I'll wait no longer.

THE GREEK

And I, master—

OVERSEER

Come down, I have said—

THE GREEK

Not so hasty, master, I pray you. It is



THE GOLD

A gold headdress and a garland of encircling gold leaves stand out in brilliant contrast against the body, which is red. A blue band runs over the shoulders

you I am thinking of—and of the gold. Listen now. It is only the dust that the rains have washed down, into the pools and the streams; but in the faces of the cliffs the gold must be at home. Where you find in the pool a wandering grain, in the cliffs will be whole cities of gold, treasures of the earth gods that have run away. Look you now.

(He slings his hammer and a mass of gravel and earth falls down the face of the cliff at his feet. In the mass is a sudden gleam of a great nugget of gold. Both the Greek and the Overseer see it. The Overseer is for a moment taken aback as if suspecting some trick, but the Greek leaps down after it, and picks it up, holding it to the light. Instantly the Overseer comes over to him, his whip ready.)

THE GREEK

What did I tell you, master?

OVERSEER

It is a lump of marvel, a king's treasure. Give it to me.

THE GREEK

Not so hasty, master. You like better the dust from the slow washing in the basins.

OVERSEER

Give it to me.

THE GREEK

Not so hasty, master. You commanded me to wash the dust, but I thought better to strike upon the cliff and ask what the earth gods had left there for me. Behold, they have answered. This gold is mine.



THE GREEK SLAVE

Requires only a flowing black mantle, and a loin cloth of white



THE EMPEROR

Is resplendent in a coat and turban of bright blue, the latter decorated with vari-colored feathers



THE SLAVE WITH GREEN SHIRT

Wears a white loin cloth and head covering, with a bright green shirt laced in front

OVERSEER

(Threatening with the whip.)

Shall a slave have treasure? Shall a beast have that which belongs of right to the rich and great of the earth?

THE GREEK

Hold now. Slave I may be, for slaves may be wise, but beast—doth a beast take thought, and by taking thought find more than these washers search out in the circle of a year. I have taken thought, master. Put away that whip. I am thy slave no longer. With this gold I shall buy my freedom, and it may be a tall ship that I may sail home in splendor.

OVERSEER

I'll bring your dreams to nothing. Hold, slaves! Set on him.

(The Greek stands idly swinging his stone hammer, the nugget in his left hand. The Overseer stands off out of reach of the hammer, swinging his whip. Slaves drop their basins and circle around the two.)

THE GREEK

Will you listen to him with the whip, my brothers, when I have a treasure that would buy you all your freedom?

OVERSEER

They will listen, knowing that my whip will keep its promise, and that your tongue will cheat them in the end. List, ye slaves, to him who takes the lump of gold from this Greek, I will give his freedom. Set upon him.

(The slaves close in around the Greek who swings his hammer over their heads.)

THE GREEK

Now do I know ye to be slaves, indeed. . . .

(From behind him one of the slaves throws his basin against the Greek's legs, and from in front, another casts a basin of water into his face. He is blinded for the moment and staggers. The slaves close in upon him and secure the nugget. It passes from hand to hand among them, as they clutch it one from another. The last one to get it brings it to the Overseer, crying:)

THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT

It was I, master. Now give me my freedom.

OVERSEER

How do I know it was you that took it? They were all upon him.

THE GREEK

(Brushing off the dust of the encounter.)

Look now for his promise, slaves,—slaves of folly!

THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT

It was I, master, I who took it.

(All the other slaves immediately set up a great shout and set upon the one with the green shirt. The Greek goes off up the slope at the back, watching the struggle. While the uproar is at its height, a MERCHANT with his followers, servants, and camel drivers enter. The Merchant sees what is happening and comes down among the combatants.)

THE MERCHANT

Be silent. What do ye here?

OVERSEER

Worthy and excellent master, these are my slaves, gold washers of the pool.

THE MERCHANT

Your slaves, forsooth! Why then is this uproar? Why do you not keep them quietly at their task?

THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT

Worthy and excellent sir, at my master's word I took this treasure from yonder thief. He promised me my freedom.

(The other slaves set up a shout to drown him out.)

Be silent. THE MERCHANT

(Turning to the Overseer.)

If you have promised this man his freedom, why do you now deny him?

OVERSEER

I promised freedom to him who took the great lump of gold from yonder thief, but I do not know if it be this man.

THE MERCHANT

Let me see the lump of gold.

THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT

Behold here it is, great and worshipful sir,

THE MERCHANT

I doubt greatly if this be gold.

THE SLAVE AND THE OVERSEER

(Together)

Truly it is gold, Worshipful sir.

THE MERCHANT

Let me weigh it in my hand.

(The Slave With the Green Shirt hands the nugget to the Merchant, who weighs it thoughtfully, looking from one to the other.)

THE MERCHANT

I see that here there is need of a magistrate, and as none is likely to come to this pool beside the highway, I will take it upon myself to judge.

(To the Overseer.)

It is plain that you have promised to some man his freedom, and have not kept your word. For this, I will have you bastinadoed.

OVERSEER

Worshipful sir, I beseech you—

THE MERCHANT

Be silent.

(To his camel-drivers.)

Take him aside and let him be well beaten upon the soles of his feet.

(Turning to the gold washers.)

As for you, slaves, it is plain you have conspired among you to set free one of your number, although he little deserves his freedom.

(The slaves cry out together, denying that they have conspired.)

Whosoever among you cries out, I will take to be the most guilty, and my punishment shall begin upon him.

(The slaves are silent and downcast.)

THE MERCHANT

If there be not among you a first conspirator, I will pardon you all. Go back to your basins and set to work again.

THE SLAVE WITH THE GREEN SHIRT
Worshipful sir, we go back to the gold washing. Yet suffer us with all respect to ask, worshipful sir, what is to become of our lump of gold.



THE OVERSEER

Is brilliant in a flame color cape, with skirt and turban of white. He carries a red whip

THE MERCHANT

I begin to suspect that you are the guilty one. Do you also desire punishment?

(As he speaks the cries of the Overseer under the bastinado are heard and the Slave With the Green Shirt runs quickly to his basin. As he does so, from the opposite side to that by which the Merchant entered, the Wazir appears with his company).

THE WAZIR

Hold! Why is this man given the bastinado?

THE MERCHANT

(With a deep salaam before the Wazir).

August Highness, I have ordered this man's punishment because he hath falsely deluded his people, and hath failed to make good his word to them. As you know, August Highness, we merchants must defend the honor of a man's word, lest all our commerce be tainted with deceit, and the land run wholly to lying and falsehood.

THE WAZIR

Is it so? You have taken upon yourself to hear this case, yet you are not a magistrate.

THE MERCHANT

I stood in the place of one having authority under the law because this pool by the highway was a lonely spot, and I looked for no magistrate to pass.

THE WAZIR

You take too much upon yourself. Let me hear the case of the man who was beaten.

(The camel-drivers bring forward the Overseer, who comes limping and salaams before the Wazir).

OVERSEER

Worshipful and august Excellency, the words of your mouth drop wisdom and in your hand is justice. This merchant came upon us in contention, but it was no more as he told you,

than the snows of the Himalayas are of ebony.

THE WAZIR

Now is the case regularly come before me for judgment, since it is clear that one of these two speaks falsely, and it is more than likely that both have lied as darkly as Egyptians.

(Turning to the Merchant).

Speak you now—

THE MERCHANT

(Interrupting)

Excellent and August Highness, I have no wish to be a judge, nor to act further in this case. I will leave to you the punishment of the man and go upon my way, rejoicing in your wisdom.

(He turns away).

OVERSEER

Mighty and worshipful one, I pray you that this Merchant be stopped, for he is carrying with him my treasure, my lump of gold that was to have bought freedom for all my people.

THE WAZIR

(To the Merchant).

Stand now! I have not yet given judgment. Where is the lump of gold?

THE MERCHANT

The case, worshipful one, concerned the matter of a promise of freedom to a slave. There was no gold, unless this fellow has some dust of it taken from the basins of his slaves.

(The Slave With the Green Shirt and the Overseer both protest violently crying, "There was a great lump of gold. He has it." "The Merchant is a thief." The other slaves take up their cries).

THE WAZIR

Be still . . .

(To the Merchant).

Do you think it best to deliver the gold to me with dignity or to let me find it through the shredded rags that will no longer cover you, when my people have done beating you?

THE MERCHANT

The wisdom of your august Highness is, indeed, beyond man's wisdom.

(He produces the nugget and hands it to the Wazir).

THE WAZIR

That is better. The case is now simpler than it was, and we shall see justice done more quickly.

THE MERCHANT

I pray you, worshipful one, let me take my leave since I have no further dealings in this matter.

THE WAZIR

Indeed, have you not? Do you expect me to believe that you give up this treasure so easily. It is not in the blood of men or of merchants to be so generous where gold is concerned. Whither go you?

THE MERCHANT

Again I applaud the wisdom of your august and worshipful Highness. Know then: I go from here to lay my case before the Emperor, knowing that however high be thy seat, he will do me justice, and that my treasure, which thou hast taken away from me, will be restored through his word.

THE WAZIR

Go then. I will not stay you.

OVERSEER

August and worshipful one, humbly I pray you that my treasure, the foolish little lump of gold, be restored to me.

THE WAZIR

(Weighing the gold in his hands).

You do not value it justly. I cannot let it remain in your hands, lest some thief should take it from you, and a great and good gift of the earth be wasted.

(The Overseer throws himself on the ground at the Wazir's feet, and as he does so the Emperor and his suite enter. The Emperor is carried in a great chair, and before him, also carried on the backs of men, goes the Emperor's principal god. As the Emperor is brought on, all prostrate themselves except the Wazir, who bows very low before him. The Emperor makes a sign that his litter is to be set down, and calls the Wazir to him).

THE EMPEROR

This is a strange matter. What make you, Grand Wazir, here by the roadside?

THE WAZIR

Sire, the burden of your justice is ever upon me. Humbly here by the wayside, I have been hearing a case in accordance with your laws.

THE EMPEROR

What manner of case, Grand Wazir? It is not like you to delay my business at the expense of slaves and camel-drivers.

THE WAZIR

I delayed but a moment, Sire, and the case was not worthy of your celestial notice.

THE EMPEROR

Let me judge of that.

THE WAZIR

It was a matter of a promise made to a slave, and the impudence of a merchant setting himself up to do justice.

THE MERCHANT

(Throwing himself down before the Emperor).

Mighty and celestial lord, I pray you in the name of the gods, do with me, with your own sublime hands, justice. The case is not as this great Wazir has reported it.

THE OVERSEER

(Throwing himself down on the other side).



THE WAZIR

Wears a robe of pale green with an orange jacket of purple embroidered in gold. His sash and headgear are black.

Mighty Sire, though I be but a slave and dazzled by thy countenance as the sun, I pray thee, do me also justice. These two are thieves, both of them, the merchant and the Wazir. They have stolen my treasure of gold.

THE EMPEROR

Thy treasure of gold. Does a slave sue for the possession of a treasure of gold?

THE MERCHANT

It was not his treasure, Celestial Sire, but one recovered from a thief who is fled.

THE WAZIR

You see, Sire, how different is your justice among men, who have not the truth in them. As your celestial wisdom discerned, how could this slave possess a golden treasure? And this thieving merchant—should he demand punishment in the name of the law?

THE EMPEROR

This is a strange case, truly, but may yet come to fathom it; and finally let me see this treasure.

(The Merchant and the Overseer both rise pointing to the Wazir and crying: "He has it. The Wazir took it from us." The Emperor fixes the Wazir with his gaze).

THE EMPEROR

Let me see this treasure.

(The Wazir, with a deep salaam, places the lump of gold in the Emperor's hand).

THE EMPEROR

This clears the matter greatly. It is plain to me that so goodly a lump of gold could never belong to this merchant, who is but an overseer of slaves, and this merchant surely should not have it, lest thieves be tempted to slay him for it and so he lose his life; and in the hand of the Wazir my Kingdom it would be a very

(Continued on page 64)

FASHION

*As Created and Sponsored
By the
Actress and the Stage*

12678



SHAWL AND FROCK FROM
BERGDORF GOODMAN

White Studios

FASHION shows so many special interesting manifestations from season to season, which are like milestones along the road pointing to an increasing rationality! For what can be more rational in clothes than costumes that avail themselves of real beauty and practicality, and that stand just enough apart from the current of the mode to have a somewhat more lasting value. Such a manifestation . . . we have received the tip from abroad . . . is the costume that is all the rage with European women at present for dinner, for the restaurant and theatre. It consists of the embroidered shawl with a simple sleeveless frock in georgette or crepe, the color of the frock matching the predominating tone of the shawl. A white frock goes with an all-white shawl, a black with a shawl in black, embroidered with white or with colored flowers, henna with henna, yellow with yellow, and so forth.

Eileen Huban, that clever young actress with the come-hither Irish blue eyes, who is playing "Fanny Hawthorne" at the Vanderbilt Theatre, is one of the first to wear this costume over here, her frock being of jade green with a magnificent shawl most marvellously embroidered with flowers and tropical birds in brilliant tones of crimsons and yellows and purples.

VIOLET HEMING'S O. K.

IS ON THESE NEW

SPORT CLOTHES

If you saw at first hand the delicious picture that Miss Heming presented in this one-piece frock and cape of black-and-white striped khaki-kool, you would want to go at once and purchase a similar frame for yourself. The hat that was so cleverly chosen to go with it is of black taffeta with rows of stitching in white wool.



These sport frocks of knitted wool and silk mixture continue unabated in their popularity. The material positively does not stretch and they come from the hands of the cleaners looking like new. Incidentally they are vastly becoming in their bright combinations, the one Miss Heming is wearing being of yellow striped in dark blue and white.

COSTUMES FROM KNOX

Ira L. Hill Studio



If "The Rubicon" ever finishes its run, Miss Heming is going to hop on a steamer for England, in which case a steamer coat similar to this warm and capacious and extremely "swanky" one will go with her. The material is a sublimated heather mixture of warm brownish mauve tones with just a breath of pale green in the stripes and the lining is a gorgeous bright green satin.

A summer-day frock of one of those delightful new cotton fabrics that have a body making for good lines, and that yet are soft and light and cool at the same time. Its color is a deep rose pink checked and piped with white, a hat of the same material accompanying the frock.

ORIGINALITY AND DISTINCTION
 ARE COMBINED IN THE
 PERSONAL FROCKS OF
 ZITA MOULTON



A dark red and black "grand-mother's plaid" frock of taffeta Miss Moulton has had combined with bands of Kolinsky fur. Note the interesting modern sleeves that have a full black chiffon puff opening down the inner side, and a loose cuff of the fur; also the sash of wide black velvet ribbon that falls in panels left and right. The shoes are the popular one-strapped pumps made of black brocade.

White Studios



The palest of blue net is embroidered in brilliant paillettes of mauve tones and hung over a slip of silver cloth so that the whole frock shimmers like moonlight. We think nothing could be more charming for a back line than the panel that is attached to the underarm band and then swings free like a cape. Miss Moulton's slippers are of white and silver brocade with cross straps.

SHOES FROM

C. H. WOLFELT CO.

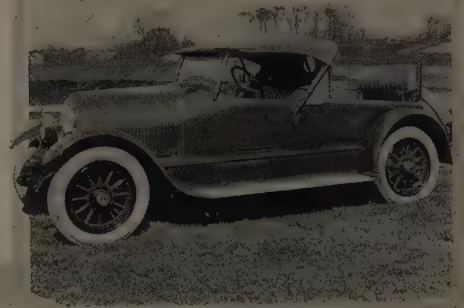


Particularly appealing is Miss Moulton's dinner or restaurant frock of black moire with its full double skirts, the upper rising in slanting line towards the side, and its chic note of the sash of vivid purple moire ribbon.

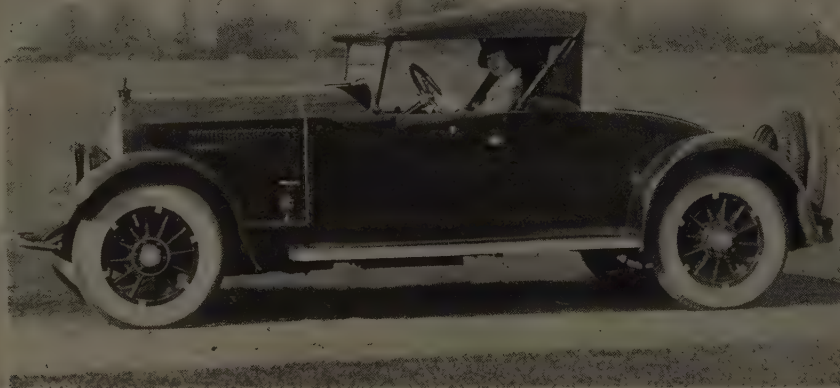
Here Are Some of the



For its grace and speed a Studebaker Sedan is Clara Kimball Young's choice in cars. This is the Studebaker Company's Big Six 1922 model.



Smart and luxurious finishings are shown in the body and interior of the Daniels' Special Town Brougham "138."



The well-known high grade quality of the Daniels' car is offered in this their latest model of "Emergency Roadsters."

The National Sextet Roadster is an ultra smart sort of sport car, whose wide and deep seat with its double non-sag springs invites to comfort and lounging ease.

Season's Smartest Cars



The Locomobile Coupe is another car of smartness. Its body is painted in "locomobile" black, satin finish, with two hairlines of French ivory, and upholstered in tan broadcloth.



Featured lately by the Jordan Company is their new three passenger Jordan Laundalet with its new exclusive six-cylinder Jordan motor.



A Cole "Conventional Coupe!" This type is designed so that the fourth seat folds up under the cowl, out of the way, when not in use.

Miss Lucille Chalfont, the young American coloratura, has just purchased for her own personal use, the latest model Sterling Runabout of the Standard Motor Car Company.

Florence Walton finds time between her dancing engagements to act as chatelaine of this charming house in New York

Decorations by Chamberlian Dodds



(Above)

An old Flemish tapestry is the center of interest in the Foyer, which strikes the keynote of the entire house, in the dignity and balance of its furnishings



The recessed bookshelves on either side of the high stone Italian mantel are arched—evidently to follow the lines of the windows and the door of this interesting room



Her well ordered home reflects Florence Walton's mood, and her careful attention to detail

Isn't this feeling about tires pretty universal

MOST car-owners intend to have a car the rest of their lives. Economical operation is getting more and more fashionable.

How many men do you know who won't expect tires to do their share of the saving?

This is the year for tire merchants to study their customers closely.

* * *

The makers of U. S. Royal Cords have recently stated what is the biggest opportunity to serve in the tire business.

U. S. Royal Cords cannot take care of all the people who want the upward quality in tires.

Nor do they claim a monopoly of all good tire making methods.

It is the things they refuse to leave undone that make U. S. Royal Cords the measure of all automobile tires.

Not only what is put in but what is never left out—that reveals the Royal Cord practical ideal.

* * *

So Royal Cord makers feel free to say again what they have said before—

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

For more and more public confidence.

The makers of United States Tires urge upon everybody—manufacturer and dealer alike—a new kind of competition.


Let us compete for more and more public confidence.

Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

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United States  **Rubber Company**

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Two hundred and
thirty-five Branches

(Continued from page 52)

editor of the Morning Telegraph . . . and the beautiful Marjorie Patterson of "Pierrot the Prodigal" fame, with her gorgeous blonde bob . . . quite the loveliest I've ever seen, and like the fluffy waves and fresh tones of a child's head of hair . . . if only all bobs could look like that . . . and I know she has to do nothing to it to keep it in order, but run a comb through it. She was, by the way, one of the very first to clip her hair . . . years ago . . . even before Mrs. Castle . . . only she was living on the other side at the time and so never has had the "glory" for it. Mademoiselle Darcy, who came in with her husband, Monsieur Chotin (they were both with Copeau at the Theatre du Vieux Colombier) had another enchanting bob . . . what I should call a "Kate Greenaway" bob, with little short ringlets all over her head and a wide black satin ribbon bound round it . . .

After Monsieur Ferrari, whom you perhaps know as the accompanist who contributes to the success of Guilbert's recitals, had arrived, Mme. Materlinck sang for us, and recited some of her own poems . . . perfectly stunning things . . . and beautifully declaimed.

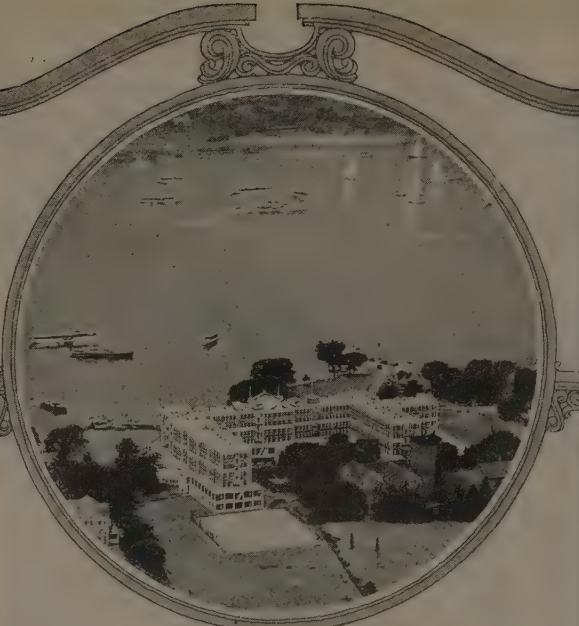
Then a few more people came in and we smoked and had something to drink . . . Tubby and I sat either side of Miss Patterson on the sofa and I made her show me her gold and jet cigarette holder and all her other fascinating trinkets . . . Yorska brought out some perfume she had purchased . . . "Sakountala" . . . strange,

exotic, very heavy . . . which the French would call "troublant," I suppose . . . She said it was the divine Sarah's favorite scent . . . which she always uses . . . I made her sprinkle some on the fur collar of my cape and it lasted for days after . . .

With that Tubby and I departed voting it one of the pleasantest evenings we'd ever had . . . so gay and friendly . . . so entertaining and stimulating . . . such delightful French spoken. It hadn't been a late party and so when Tubby and I came out into the Village again I suggested why didn't we walk around and ring Fanny's bell and see if she were and up or something . . . Tubby was agreeable and being in luck we found Fanny in and up . . . She had been designing some fans for a magazine earlier in the week, she said, and then when she was through with her stitching for that, she found she had so "got the habit" that she couldn't stop . . . had become an obsession, an *idée fixe* with her . . . She had to go on and on designing and executing fans in her spare moments . . . and here were four brain children she'd drawn that she specially liked . . . and now she'd got them what was she going to do with them . . . So I said I'd show her what she was going to do with them . . . She was going to let me use them for my mad of the month in the July "Promenades" . . . and I scooped them up and there they are on the other page. Aren't they altogether delightful and amusing?



Here we are with one of the latest models of the Annette Kellermann two-in-one bathing-suits, without which no bathing season is complete! Miss Virginia Lee, a recent acquisition to the beauties of the films, is wearing the model, which is in pure white wool, the black belt being of waterproof material with a composition buckle unharmable by water. A serpentine bracelet of the same composition also forms part of the picture. The same model may be had in black, or jade, or russet, and so on. For those who prefer a fuller skirt to the tunic the two-in-one models come made in this fashion also, reversible pleats at either side of the back giving the necessary spring that makes for an aesthetic line.




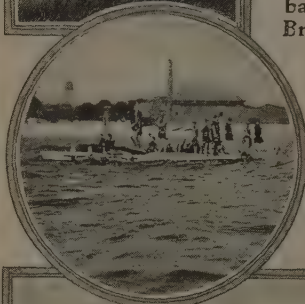


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The VANITY BOX

By ANNE ARCHBALD

WASN'T it General Grant who said he knew two tunes, one of them was "Home, Sweet Home" . . . and the other one wasn't? Not that it's exactly the same thing, but on the stage they have two kinds of make-up, one of them is called a "dry make-up," and the other one isn't. At least that's as definitely as we've ever heard it designated. The antithesis of a "dry" make-up certainly is not called a "wet" one. The dry make-up consists in putting one's rouge and powder directly on the face, without first applying a foundation. With the other make-up there goes first as a foundation a grease paint called a "fleshing," which gives a lovely smooth effect to the skin that makes it possible to blend one's other colors over it. We tried this fleshing on one occasion, when we were amusing ourself in a friendly stage dressing-room and were frightfully intrigued with the results obtained. A lovely soft bloom uniformed our face, and we regretted intensely when we had to wipe off this fresh young complexion and go out into a chill world. We did wish there were something like the grease paint to take its place in real life. We have heard various actresses say the same thing too.

And now along comes lovely Mae Murray and says there *is* a something. It's just on the market, and she's using it and thinks it's perfectly splendid. She offered us the information out of the goodness of her heart, when we were having tea with her in her charming apartment at the Hotel des Artistes.

"Wait a minute, I'll show you" said Miss Murray in that enchanting voice of hers that is light and cool like a snowflake, and picked up the bag she had thrown down as she came in from the street and took out a small object. It was a neat little flattish leather case, about two inches long, stamped with the words "Le Charme" in gilt. Inside was a cake of. . . But let Miss Murray describe it . . .

"You see it's a compound of cold cream and face powder forced together by hydraulic pressure, I believe. It gives the nicest, smoothest look to one's complexion . . . and it has a particular advantage for me in that I can use it both in my pictures and out of them." (When you are making such a picture, par example, as you do now, we thought!) "A further advantage is that it is meant to be used not only on the face, but on the neck and the arms and hands . . . taking the place, in a way, of liquid powder, and far more convenient, as you see, in this cake-like form and its case that you can carry round with you. Besides the cold cream and powder in 'Le Charme', there is a little bismuth and a bit of zinc ointment which is always good for the skin, is it not, and there is no clogging of the pores. They breathe through it. Tell anybody for me, who swims or goes in for sports, that it is wonderful for sunburn—a double coat of it absolutely prevents your face and neck and arms from getting burned." . . .

There is something new in handkerchiefs for you, too! We suppose there is no woman who doesn't appreciate and wouldn't prefer a soft fabric in a handkerchief if she could get it. The trouble so far has been that the softest fabrics have come in either a very high-grade and expensive linen, or a low-grade and cheap cotton that looked all right before washing, but impossible after. Now there is a handkerchief of a new kind of fabric that is as soft and fine as possible, very moderate in price, and that arrives from the laundry in exactly its original condition. The handkerchiefs come with charming borders of blues and pinks and mauves and yellows and are made for men as well as women!

(For the name of the company making the new beauty preparation, called "Le Charme," used by Mae Murray, and where to purchase it; also for the name of the new soft fabric handkerchiefs, write *The Vanity Box, Care The Theatre Magazine, 6 East 39th Street, New York City.*)



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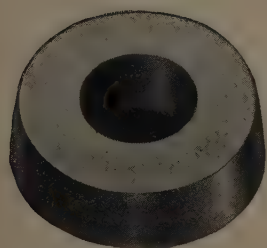
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of Safety!"

Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP CORD TIRES

SHALL WE HAVE A THEATRE CENSOR?

Yes

By CANON CHASE

(Continued from pages 10 and 11)

No

By CHANNING POLLOCK

strained in any vital matter but all are equally and effectively prevented from producing moral filth. Between 1895 and 1909 only 30 plays, out of 7,000, were vetoed. It has been a great advantage to have a skilled, experienced and friendly critic, rather than a miscellaneous jury of twelve or a bench of judges, who in the nature of the case, cannot be dramatic critics.

Mr. George Edwardes, the well-known English theatrical manager, told the Parliamentary Committee in 1909 that the practical abolishment of censorship in France had killed the big audiences. He claimed that England has the cleanest stage in the world, and that it is due to the fact that every play before it is produced in any licensed place of amusement must have the approval of the censor. Censorship works indirectly by preventing the making of bad plays. In sixty years only ninety-seven plays were rejected in England by the censor of stage plays. Many more bad plays would have appeared if there had been no censor. The prevention of indecent plays secured by censorship is better than the cure of them by punishing the man who produces them.

English censorship of plays does not prohibit the printing of unlicensed plays or forbid their being acted except where an admission fee is charged. Has Censorship crippled the genius of Galsworthy, Pinero, Barrie, A. A. Milne, W. Somerset Maugham? Pinero, in 1909, said that he had no complaint to make concerning the treatment of his plays by the censor at that time or by his predecessor. He said all plays which were to be exhibited for pay should be sent to the censor, but he favored allowing all plays which were condemned by the censor to be presented at the risk of prosecution.

The English censor has made mistakes. No institution is, or can be, infallible. It is claimed that out of the 30 plays vetoed, 13 of them should have been approved. But if there were only 13 mistakes made in passing upon 7,000 plays, the errors were almost negligible when it is remembered that it was not forbidden to print or even to exhibit them without an admission fee.

Citing the mistakes of censors is no argument against censorship any more than citing the absurd decisions of judges would convince anyone that courts of law should be abolished. The rule that no kiss in a motion picture film shall be longer than five feet is not so absurd as that a thief charged with stealing a gold watch was acquitted by the judge because the watch was found to be not a gold watch but a gold filled watch.

Shadow," never reached the screen, because it mentions an illegitimate child and illegitimate children are barred from Ohio and Pennsylvania. The farce "Bootle's Baby," was stopped in Philadelphia because a man got a letter from his wife and burned it. Tearing the letter would have been permissible, but burning showed contempt of the marital relation. Charles Kenyon's remarkable play, "Kindling," dealing with no sex problem, but with poverty and the race, was held up on account of a mother showing making clothes for her unborn child. This child was not illegitimate; it was about to be born with the greatest possible deference to the censor. What, then, was wrong with the position of a mother engaged in one of the most sacred and beautiful labors of motherhood? You'll never guess! "The 'movies' are patronized by thousands of children who believe that babies are brought by the stork and it would be criminal to undecide them!"

Honest!

Censorship might be understandable, however, if it interfered only with matters of sex. Once established, the institution becomes a depenalized means of curbing criticism of powers that be and comment on government. At the recent dinner Will Hays, Anita Loos told me of a playful sub-title, "It doesn't take much brain to be a Mayor," that was immediately ordered "out" by Mr. Hays. At the time of the steel strike, the Pennsylvania board interdicted newspapers showing state police riding down strikers. Last winter a play by Leroy Scott was forbidden in New York partly because one of the characters was a patrolman who accepted a bribe. This held the police force up to "contumely and contempt." Once admit censorship and cherished constitutional rights of free speech and a free press go for nothing. The important liberalizing practice of caricature, ridicule, and the plebiscite becomes subject to the fears and vanities of persons caricatured, ridiculed, criticised.

The last word on censorship is this:

That there is scarcely a fine line in literature or the drama, in the accumulation of the ages, that could have been produced in the face of the kind of censorship we have experienced in America. The rule made by state boards would have obliterated Shakespeare, buried Balzac, smashed Shelley, mutilated Milton, destroyed Dante, and rendered impossible the publication of the Holy Bible. In the last season alone, under conditions of commercial management

(Continued on page 60)



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Books

Especially those containing plays for reading or acting, or those concerned with play production

THE TONY SARG MARIONETTE BOOK, Text by F. J. McIsaac. With two plays for home-made Marionettes by Anne Stoddard. (B. W. Huebsch, Inc.)

This is another interchangeable book, that is, a book for children or for grown-ups, or for grown-ups or for children. Since it was primarily intended for the latter, however, the language is the most direct and simple, and the information, imparted to the author by Mr. Sarg himself, offered in the most readable manner possible. (If this were the usual result of writing for children would that more styles might be founded in that manner!)

Mr. McIsaac's aim in this book, as he says in his introduction, is "to acquaint you with the lovable and unique personality of Tony Sarg"; to tell you a little about the "long and varied history" of puppet shows, and how Mr. Sarg came to be interested in them and in developing them into his present "artistic marionettes." He also explains some of the mysteries in the performance of these marionettes that have puzzled audiences, to which Mr. Sarg adds diagram-illustrations. And lastly Mr. McIsaac tells, through Mr. Sarg's own instructions, how children can make these little figures themselves, and put on shows of their own at home. We can fancy what fun a child whose wise parents had not hampered his imagination, might have with this book!

The two plays by Anne Stoddard that wind up the whole engaging affair, versions of the immemorial "Snow-White and the Dwarfs" and "Little Red Riding-Hood," are written in the true spirit of childhood, a fact over which we exclaim thankfully, it being our tribulation to peruse so many so-called plays for children that are miles away from the real atmosphere.

PRODUCING IN LITTLE THEATRES, by Clarence E. Stratton. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Though this book by Mr. Stratton has been on the market for about six months, we are afraid it may have escaped the notice of some of our readers either already interested in or about to embark on the venture of Little Theatre Producing, and are therefore calling it to their attention.

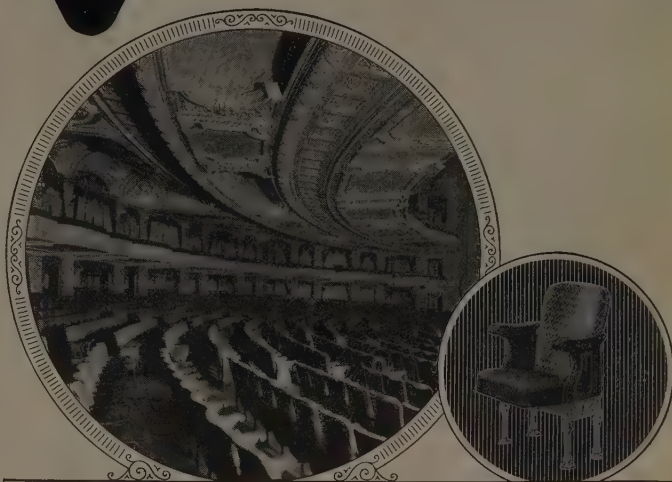
The book will be interesting also to another class of readers, to those who attend the theatre for their own recreation and enjoyment. For after they have read what Mr. Stratton has to say, especially in his chapter on "Lighting" and "Experimenting," on "Creating the Stage Picture" and "Costumes and Make-up," they will find their own playgoing become an even more exhilarating thing than it is now. They will have a surer basis of criticism, a better understanding of what is involved in the production of every play, whether amateur or professional—in short they will have had opened for them additional avenues of stimulus and pleasure.

And as to the class mentioned first, those starting the exciting adventure of a Little Theatre, they should find Mr. Stratton's information and advice invaluable. Mr. Stratton is among the most important figures in this wonderful Little Theatre movement, one of the best things—it can't be repeated too often—that has ever happened to America. He is himself an author of two plays. He has gone over all the ground before you. And he offers from his own experience the most practical and progressive and live-minded suggestions. We should think the chapters on "Choosing the Play" and "Rehearsing . . ." and "Some Specimen Programs" would be particularly illuminating for the little-theatre-er as well as those chapters already noted. And at the end of the volume is an invaluable list of "Two Hundred Plays Suitable for Amateurs," with brief notation as to number of acts, sets, size of cast, type of play, and where purchasable.

For your encouragement we quote a bit of what Mr. Stratton suggests on the advantages that a group of amateurs has over the professional manager in experimentation. "The fundamental principle of all dramatic production is experimentation. Every new play is bound to be an experiment, a risk." The regular commercial producer, therefore, not in business for his health says, "let us get into its production . . . elements which are not experimental or risky." "Amateurs have the immeasurable superiority because they can experiment more frequently, in more different ways and with more daring and successful originality."

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SHALL WE HAVE A THEATRE CENSOR?

Yes

BY CANON CHASE

(Concluded from page 58)

I have no confidence that the plan of an unofficial jury to eliminate indecent plays will accomplish anything in cleaning up the stage, though I am assured that its sponsors are very sincere and upright people. The plan will set up no inviolable standard. The volunteer judges will not be responsible to the State.

The vicious playwrights and producers will fear the law less than now, and will be more daring than ever. The plan will not prevent but will protect and multiply bad plays. I am, however, willing to wait to give the plan a chance to prove its efficiency. I regard the Federal control of the Motion Pictures in Interstate Commerce as a much more urgent reform, because of the larger attendance of children at Motion Picture Shows than at theatres, and because a picture once corrected is more likely to remain so, than in any spoken drama.

I write as a lover of plays and as a pastor of souls, not as a reformer. I am not opposed to having plays deal with the sex impulse and with the advanced problems of society. There must, however, be some limit. When plays are merely for propaganda and venture beyond the conventions and moral laws of the public, they are not suitable for the amusement of a mixed audience.

Unscrupulous business should never be allowed to show them for profit. Sir Wm. S. Gilbert, the famous librettist, when asked by the Parliamentary Committee to state why he thought a censorship of some kind desirable, replied:

"Because I think that the stage of a theatre is not the proper unit from which to disseminate doctrines, possibly of anarchism, socialism and of agnosticism; and it is not the proper platform from which to discuss questions of adultery and free love before a mixed audience of persons of all ages and both sexes, of all ways of thinking, of all conditions of life and various degrees of education."

No

BY CHANNING POLLOCK

much-maligned Broadway, they would have prevented "Anna Christie," "The Nest," "Daddy's Gone a-Huntin'," "Ambush," "The Circle," "The Hairy Ape," "A Bill of Divorcement," "The Hero," "He Who Gets Slapped," "The National Anthem," "The Dover Road," and every other deeply conceived and seriously-intended dramatic effort, leaving us to snigger over the inanities of musical comedy and to contemplate a stage more than ever reduced to the level of the nursery. The Germans could not have left a conquered Paris so bare of Art as a triumphant censorship would leave New York.

In comparison with a catastrophe like this, what is the production of an occasional "Demí-Virgin?" and yet, since it becomes apparent that there are theatrical managers sufficiently degraded to do anything for money, a combination of decent managers—the vast majority—of authors, and actors, and sane reformers have joined to render even these sporadic outbreaks impossible. Their plan—fully perfected and about to go into effect—is to bulwark present police powers and to give municipal authority the benefit of intelligent advice, not through the arbitrary action of three politicians' pets, representing the brand of brain and experience purchaseable at fifteen hundred dollars a year, but through a jury of responsible and representative citizens. This jury, chosen from a panel composed of five hundred men and women of standing and proved integrity, is to have the final word, since, without expense to the community, or process of law, authors, actors, and managers pledge themselves to withdraw immediately any play judged to be prejudicial to public morals or inimical to the public welfare. An art whose practitioners are willing to abide by such a judgment of good citizenship, to penalize their adventurers and suffer the damage, is not in serious need of interference from Assemblyman Schmalz and Senator Callahan!

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Mme. Jeritza's second record is the "Lautenlied der Marietta" (Song of the Lute) from Erich Korngold's weird opera "Die Tote Stadt," a soft and wonderful melody, haunting and subtle, yet clear and of a soft, weaving rhythm.

You never know just what surprise lies in a new Galli-Curci record, and there's always a thrill in the experience. In June she sings an English coloratura song—"Echo Song"—by Sir Henry Bishop, a song which mingles Gibraltair-like steadfastness with a meteoric brilliancy of ornament. The glorious voice begins with a soft lyric melody, rising higher and higher until it rests on the "High D," the topmost note of which even such vocalization as Galli-Curci's may hope to achieve. Yet, outdoing even itself, a climax follows, culminating with another triumphant high note.

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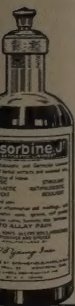
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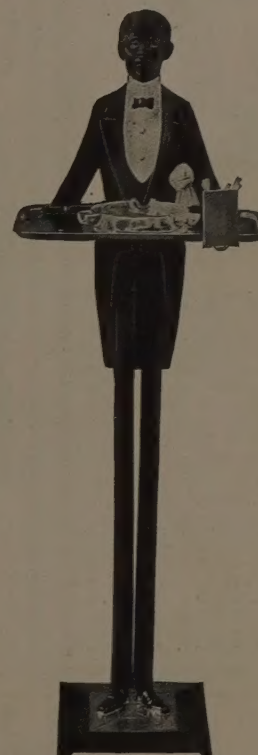
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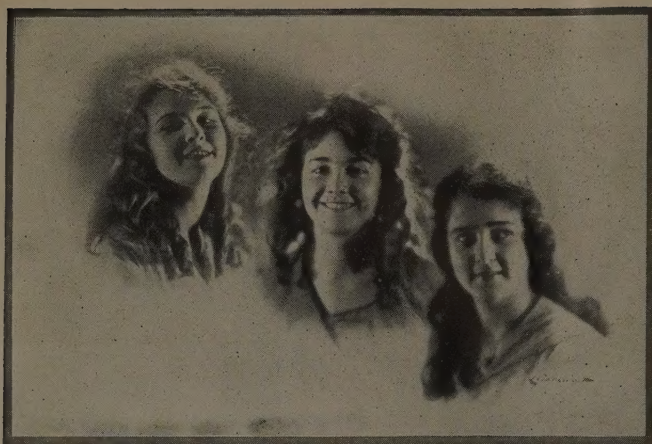
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JOHN HARRIS, M.

CAPSULE CRITICISM

(Concluded from page 8)

Fairly familiar, too, are two ascribed by tradition to Eugene Field, in the days when he was dramatic critic of the *Denver Post*. Of one performance of "Hamlet," Field's entire review consisted of two short melancholy sentences. He wrote: "So-and-So played Hamlet last night at the Tabor Grand. He played it till one o'clock." And it was Field who haunted the declining years of Creston Clarke with his review of that actor's Lear. Clarke, a journeying nephew of Edwin Booth, passed through Denver and gave there a singularly unimpressive and unregal performance in that towering tragedy. Field couldn't bear it and finally vented his emotions in one sentence. Said he: "Mr. Clarke played the King all the evening as though under constant fear that someone else was about to 'play the Ace.'"

Of course, some beautiful capsule criticisms are doomed to a lesser fame because it is so difficult to detach them from their circumstances and their context. This is true, for instance, of several deft summaries by Heywood Broun. When some years ago one Butler Davenport put on a juvenily obscene little play at his own little theatre in New York, Broun scowled and wrote: "Some one should spank young Mr. Davenport and take away his piece of chalk." Then there was the hilarious episode which grew out of the production for one afternoon in the Spring of 1917, of Wedekind's "Frühlingserwachen," which Broun translated as "The Spring Offensive." In his little piece on the subject, he mentioned casually that, to his mind, an actor named Stein gave, in the leading rôle, the worst performance he had ever seen on any stage. Stein sued for damages, but the court decided, after some diverting testimony, that after all, a critic was free to express his aesthetic judgment, however painful it might prove to the subject. Later it became Mr. Broun's embarrassing duty to review another performance by the same agrieved Stein in another play. Broun evaded

the duty until the last sentence, where he could have been found murmuring "Mr. Stein was not up to his standard."

I am inclined to think, however, that the best of the tabloid reviews have been oral. Coleridge's famous comment on Kean's Hamlet—that seeing it was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning—was said to him, but written by somebody else, wasn't it? Certainly the two best of my day were oral criticisms. One was whispered in my ear by a young actress named Tallulah Bankhead, who was sitting incredulously before a deliberate and intentional revival of Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette," a monstrous piece of perfumed posturing, meaning exactly nothing. Two gifted young actresses and quite a bit of scenery were involved and much pretentious rumbling of voice and waiting of gesture had gone into the enterprise. Miss Bankhead, fearful, apparently, lest she struck dead for impiety, became desperate enough to whisper: "There is less in this than meets the eye."

The other was tossed off by the delightful companion and variegated actor, Beerbohm Tree. Hurrying from California to New York, he joined at the eleventh hour the already elaborated rehearsals of "Henry VIII," into which he was to step the familiar scarlet of Wolsey. He was expected to survey whatever had been accomplished by his delegates and pass judgment.

He approved cheerfully enough everything until he came to the collection of damsels that had been dragged into the theatre as ladies-in-waiting to the Queen. He looked at them in pained and prolonged dissatisfaction and then said what we have all wanted to say of the extra women in nearly every throne-room and ball-room and school-room scene since the theatre began. "Ladies," said Tree, peering at them plaintively through his monocle, "just a little more virginity, if you don't mind."

THE PLAYGOERS

(Concluded from page 8)

SHE: "Didn't we pay for our seats? Aren't we just as good as anybody else? Isn't this a free country? Take it to the manager."

(He goes out, shamefacedly, looking neither to the right nor the left. She turns and a wave of red sweeps over her face as she sees a slip of paper in her husband's seat. She snatches it up. It is the note he was to take to the manager. Her husband returns just as the curtain rises.)

SHE: "Did you see the manager?"

HE: "Yes."

SHE: "Fibber! You never went near the manager. Now I will see him. Come along."

HE: "All right. But put this in your spring hat and wear it. The next time I go to the theatre, I go stag."

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New York

Plays That Continue on Broadway

Drama	Comedy	Musical
Bat, The	Advertising of Kate, The	Blossom Time
Cat And The Canary, The	Billeted	Blushing Bride, The
Charlatan, The	Bronx Express, The	Good Morning, Dearie
Fannie Hawthorn	Captain Applejack	Hotel Mouse, The
Goldfish, The	Chauve Souris	Make It Snappy
Hairy Ape, The	Czarina, The	Marjolaine
He Who Gets Slapped	Demi Virgin, The	Music Box Revue, The
Nest, The	Dover Road, The	Perfect Fool, The
Truth About Blayds, The	First Year, The	Rose of Stamboul, The
Up The Ladder	French Doll, The	Shuffle Along
	Kiki	Tangerine
	Lawful Larceny	
	Partners Again	
	Rubicon, The	
	Six Cylinder Love	
	To The Ladies	

New Plays

Rotters, The
Makers of Light

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THE GOLD CIRCLE

(Continued from page 44)

present urge to pride and insurrection. No, my children, a great lump of gold, such as this, is meant only for the treasure of an emperor, since he alone may use it wisely. A lump of gold like this—a thousand maidens dancing in the light of torches—the thread of ten thousand marching men—the light in the eye of the Emperor's greatest of gods—Hear you now my judgment. Set down the Holy One that I may pray, even here by the roadside; and first let mine artificers beat out this lump of gold for a crown for the brow of the God that he may hear my prayers. I wait.

(The Emperor's throne is set at the side of the road. Rich rugs are laid before it, and he descends, seating himself on the ground. Music sounds and a group of dancers come before him. To the beat of the dancers' music, the artificers hammer out the lump of gold into a circle, and when the dance is finished the chief artificer brings it, bows to the Wazir, who presents it to the Emperor. The Emperor now steps forward facing the god, holding the circlet before him).

THE EMPEROR

Let all give place. Let all ears be stopped and eyes be blinded, for my prayer is between myself and the greatest of our gods, inviolate.

(The Emperor's people all retire to a distance, and the Emperor approaches the God; as the others retire, the Greek slave, the original finder of the nugget, conceals himself behind the image of the god).

THE EMPEROR

(Lays the circlet on the knees of the God, salaams and still kneeling speaks his prayer).

Bright and Mysterious one, Lord of the Destiny of the land, and of the blood of its kings, to thee I make again my prayer; again this offering of heavy gold. Hear me, Holy and

Mysterious Master of Life. I go to lead down upon the plains of the world mine armies. Give me to triumph over mine enemies that I may lay at thy feet the lordship of the world. Be mine enemies, thine also, and I will build for thee out of their lives a temple of skulls, higher than the palace thou hast granted me; and across thy path and mine shall flow a river of hostile blood, smoking beneath the moon; and at the end of that river, I shall find a crown of earth's dominion, beside which, this crown I offer is as yonder pool to the ocean that flows around the world. Bright and Shining One I bow my head before thee, waiting, waiting thy sign.

(The Emperor bows his head, and as he does so, the Greek steals out from behind the god, stabs him, seizes the circlet of gold and conceals himself inside the hollow image. There is a pause, then the Wazir ventures forward. He comes close to the Emperor's body and seeing that he is dead, stops suddenly, he is about to give the alarm but on second thought postpones it until he has made search for the gold; finding that it is gone, he cries out, prostrating himself before the image).

THE WAZIR

Spare me. Spare us all, Great and Terrible One. Spare me from this and I will feed Thee with gold forever.

(He goes back to the Center and cries out):

Lament, bow down and weep, all ye people, for the Lord of the Land, the Lord of the World is dead.

(To the wailing of the people the bearers of the image take up their burden; and the dead Emperor in his litter, with all his train, moves off along the roadway).

CURTAIN

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THE MERCHANT

An orange robe, with bright yellow sandals, sash and turban completes the merchant's costume

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